

JANUARY 1973

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

50¢

# Maclean's

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## THE VIEW FROM HERE

### More Economics And Less Politics Please

By PETER C. NEWMAN

The ancient Chinese had a curse: "May you live in interesting times." And there's not much doubt that national politics in this country during the next few months will be interesting beyond anything we've seen for a decade, as the four party leaders try to appear both morally responsible (in order to woo the electorate) and safely partisan (in order to flag on their own issues). Parliament is in for a season of discontent.

Yet of the last election results delivered any specific message to the politicians at all. It was that vague generalities about national problems will no longer keep the voters satisfied. Probably the single mistake which hurt Pierre Trudeau most was his blind assumption that unemployment and inflation were really nothing much to worry about and that, granted an extension to his mandate, he could continue doing nothing much about them.

If the official approach didn't work because for most of the past four years Canada has been suffering from a genuine economic phenomenon: we have simultaneously been experiencing serious price increases and disastrously high unemployment. Two years after Trudeau took office unemployment was up to 9.9% of the labor force and the outlook for much higher levels this winter. The Consumer Price Index, which stood at 119.7 in June of 1968, now is hovering around 141.5 and food prices alone have increased nearly 100% during the past year.

Economics is an inexact science. The number of theories you can spin depends on the number of economists you talk to. But there has been, at least around Ottawa, one solidly accepted axiom: that unemployment and inflation are opposing economic trends which somehow will balance each other out. This concept flows from the standard counterfactual budgeting theories of Maynard Keynes, the English economist who has been the unofficial Godfather of the Canadian economy for nearly 40 years. Before Lord Keynes formulated his

then radically new approach in 1936, most classical economists believed that an economy, if left to the natural forces of the marketplace, would eventually find its own equilibrium at some level of full or near-full employment. Keynes demonstrated how to control the economic process by manipulating the monetary environment — through the managing of interest levels, deficit financing and programmed interplay between "interest" and "spending." For his efforts, which were the depth of the Depression, he was a saint.

By sticking stubbornly to this outmoded "trade-off" approach, the Liberals have not only got themselves but the whole country into a state. What's really pushing is that the Economic Council of Canada (where official job is to give the government objective economic advice) has for years been attacking the idea that unemployment and inflation are at the opposite ends of a scale. "We believe that the links between unemployment and price changes are complex and indirect," states the council's latest annual report. "After work strongly indicates that the threat of a simple, aggregate trade-off [between inflation and unemployment] that remains constant from year to year is not tenable."

The trouble may lie in this sort of low-key, high-minded, barely intelligible language. What the Liberals need to hear from the economists is the kind of eloquent plea that Oliver Cromwell used when he faced at the laughing elders of the Church of Scotland. "I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken." ■

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COVER: Kings — Trudeau/Stanfield nights — Lewis/Carleton. Photographed by Ray Webster

## QUEBEC

BY CLAUDE LEMELIN



François Cloutier

### Upstaging the PQ: The New Liberal Strategy

But, it ensured absolute freedom of choice for all Quebec residents regarding the language their children speak at school. Cloutier circulated a draft amendment that would compel the children of non-English-speaking immigrants to attend French-language schools, with the exception of those whose mother tongue was English.

On November 19, the annual convention of the Quebec Liberal Party adopted a resolution (over strong opposition from English-speaking party members) urging the government to force the children of non-English-speaking immigrants through French-language schools. Bourassa was somewhat puzzled by the resolution (though at that time his education minister was drafting the final version of the amendment to "Bill 67" which was already No action would be taken until the Gendreau Commission reported in late December of early 1979, he said. Bourassa could afford to be so sure, the politician had already benefited him politically. The Liberals were warmly congratulated by the Movement Québécois Français (MQF), an ultra-nationalist organization.

The Cloutier amendment is unlikely to arouse much controversy among French-speaking Quebecers. Of course, the MQF will eventually find it inadequate and the PQ will probably vote against it. But since 1969, French Quebecers have inclined quietly toward a consensus on the language rights of immigrants. The Parti Québécois' own amendment to "Bill 67," also tabled in November, is similar to the Liberal draft, though more restrictive since the

Claude Lemelin is an associate editor of *Le Devoir* in Montreal.

right to attend English-language schools would be limited to those children who speak English as a mother tongue or have already received schooling in that language, regardless of citizenship.

But the Cloutier amendment is based on social interests and aligns among English-speaking Quebecers, especially non-Anglo-Saxon immigrants. The new Quebecers aren't all wrong when they argue that a good knowledge of English is still a prerequisite of social and economic promotion in Quebec, and that the teaching of English in French-language schools is inadequate. But Cloutier plans to improve English programs in the French school system. In any case, the Liberals aren't particularly worried about an ethnic backlash since no other party is likely to take up the question of new Quebecers.

Little is known about the long-awaited Gendreau report, except that the commissioners had, until recently, failed to agree on a number of issues. In any event, there may be several minority reports which would put the Bourassa government in the ideal position of being able to choose whatever recommendations it considered politically opportune. Bourassa will likely implement every non-controversial initiative to "prove" that he has progressed toward making French the working language in Quebec.

Still less is known about Quebec's specific goals in the field of cultural affairs. What does Premier Bourassa mean by "cultural security"? (On some occasions, he has spoken of "cultural sovereignty" as an obvious fit with the PQ's jargon.) What would this involve in terms of constitutional reform, fiscal transfers, federal-provincial co-operation? How could Quebec's claim to special status in this area be reconciled with federalism? The Premier has yet to answer these questions, even in the vaguest terms.

We do know, however, that Bourassa wants additional powers in the field of communications. He has expressed dissatisfaction with the CBC, the National Film Board, the Canada Council and the National Research Council, which are all under exclusive federal jurisdiction.

Bourassa, some say, may, could not possibly put the squeeze on his fellow-Liberals in Ottawa while they are down; he has every political reason, they say, to be happy for a minute with French power at the federal level.

But has he really? Has Trudeau done very much for him? Would it not be easier for Bourassa to campaign successfully against Ottawa as Robert Stanfield had his English-speaking Conservatives write in office?

The dice are loaded so that Bourassa can win whichever way they roll. ■



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BY GRATTAN GUY



Robert Stirling

## The Heavy Water Bubble That Burst

This column is a celebration of Robert Stirling, a 43-year-old Ontario businessman who ended his schooling at the grade-nine level in Hamilton, Ont. On June 26, 1968, the head of the general chemistry branch of the Chalk River nuclear laboratories in Ontario invited Robert Stirling over for a consultation.

Stirling, you see, had been feeding around with heavy water.

Heavy water is a critically important substance in the commercial application of nuclear energy. A remarkable, privately expensive plant had been set up at Glouce Bay, Nova Scotia, to produce it, and it had not (and still has not) squeaked out a drop.

Stirling, experimentally, had figured out a way to make heavy water. His samples had been found significant by the Chalk River labs. And the letter from the head of the general chemistry branch had been almost nervous. "If you wish to discuss any aspects of your process, in confidence, with someone at Atomic Energy of Canada Limited, I am sure that Dr. Howard K. Rice, head of the Engineering Branch at Chalk River, would be pleased to do this."

This is the very fortunate one made Stirling's patent lawyer had been certain that there "to sign before you say a word." If the scientist turned out to be right, the Chalk River nuclear laboratories might be tempted to absorb it. It had been a very simple, clear idea. Stirling was a contractor of a large industrial group and he had always been interested in science. He knew about heavy water, but he was not especially obsessed with the subject, the idea was there, drifting, until one evening it crystallized.

He was lying down after dinner when it clicked. "No, not going to the drug store!" he said.

He was back from the nearby Strathcona's shortly with a can of Ice-Cut Cider Ale. He snatched a couple of bottles in one, and poured away the liquid. ("Probably drunk it with Canadians Club.") Then he dove to the basement to rip some copper tubing from the radiator on his furnace, and soldered the tube into position.

Now he needed a pressure cooker. The gadget or his pressure cooker had dried up. Stirling's turned out to borrow another, and came back to hook it up on his kitchen stove.

The kids looked on with rounded eyes. What was Dad doing?

"No water." He went on boiling it for the next three or four evenings.

Security notwithstanding, a man over to family an explanation. Stirling had it out as simply as possible. There was this stuff called heavy water, used as a coolant in nuclear reactors. Chemically it was made from the same elements as

ordinary water, hydrogen and oxygen, but in its pure form it was 10% heavier than the stuff that came out of the taps. A molecule of common water consisted of two hydrogen atoms and one oxygen, but in heavy water there was a different recipe of hydrogen isotopes, a heavier atom called deuterium. Water was H<sub>2</sub>O; heavy water D<sub>2</sub>O.

Heavy water existed in ordinary water in minute quantities. The trick was to separate it out. At Glouce Bay the experts were using a chemical method that involved hydrogen sulphide, but so far it hadn't worked for them. And Canada needed heavy water for its reactor.

Stirling's method, he hoped, was a so-called expansion technique. The generator was an expansion chamber. The water vapor was to come in under pressure and the heavier atoms would tend to stay on the outside—and from there he could pipe them off. Then he could collect this piped-off water and run it through again. He hoped this recycling could be achieved industrially by a condensing system, using many expansion chambers. Heat for the boiling could come from a reactor.

After a few days Stirling had collected a sample big enough to be tested. By good luck he managed to get Dr. Louis Porquett of Chemical Physics Limited in nearby Montreal to run tests analyzing a sample of the product.

Stirling was successful. His apparatus had achieved an enrichment of from 1% to 3% in the sample returned.

A patent lawyer drew up a document marked CONFIDENTIAL MATTERS UNDER TAKING, to be signed by anyone to

whom Stirling disclosed his secret. That Stirling went to AECL, enclosing two samples. "One," he explained, "is simply distilled source water, the other has been passed through my apparatus." He wrote on: "The enrichment factor is about 10% per pass through the apparatus is extremely low, on an industrial basis, I would estimate on the order of a few pennies per 1,000 gallons processed."

A month passed before he heard from Chalk River. It was then that Dr. Stirling wrote confirming his success and inviting him to the nuclear laboratories for discussion. And so he found himself at the Chalk River boardroom with two highly trained scientists.

Stirling would then to sign his lawyer's release form, but they seemed reluctant at first. A little dared, he listened while they talked of possible research grants. "I think they mentioned \$50,000," he recalls, "which sounded pretty good when I thought of my 10 cents" (the price of an Ice-Cut Cider Ale). But he is not too clear as his memory of anything they said before they finally broke down and agreed.

Stirling opened his briefcase and pulled out a brown paper bag. The scientists' eyes brightened at its contents. Stirling slowly withdrew the ginger ale can with its weird attachments. "One fellow's done almost by the table," Stirling remembers. "The other was paralyzed. I didn't feel very well either."

But the scientists were doctors sharp. They went to work with their slide rules and covered a blackboard with diagrams and formulas. After two hours they concluded that Stirling's method could cost \$60 per pound. Apparently hot water, a waste product from reactors could not be used; the Glouce Bay method would produce at about one third of the cost. Not that it had produced anything at all at that point. Or yet.

Stirling realized, though, that his heavy water bubble had burst. He could not afford to develop it himself. Besides, the scientists thought that he had not really achieved an expansion effect, they believed he had managed only a diffusion effect. Reluctantly he noted that they seemed unaware that the U.S. was experimenting with expansion techniques for other isotopes. And they were wrong when he quoted a London Times report that the Russians had isolated a water component with a molecular weight of 72, as against 36 for H<sub>2</sub>O. "a curious technique indeed."

So Stirling failed—or, at least, has not yet publicly succeeded. But success or failure, and the price for both, are really beside the point. In his darkest moments he checks himself with the thought that once in his life he confounded the experts. ■



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## MEDICINE

BY DR. JAMES PALPST



James Palpst

### Intimations Of Urban Mortality

The fact is that one adult in five will have a heart attack before age 60.

Since angina may be the first physical sign of heart disease, it is important to recognize the symptoms. A man in his late thirties may think anginal pain is just tension. North Americans are deeply afraid of heart disease, with apparent good reason, and many patients discuss chest pain as psychosomatic, or interpret any chest pain as the first sign of a coronary.

There is a predisposition for the development of angina and coronary artery disease in people who are overweight or diabetic, in people who have hypertension or high blood cholesterol levels. Cigarette smokers are three times more prone to angina than non-smokers. And the possibility of cardiovascular disease is increased in individuals whose parents have died of it. The Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto has detected arteriosclerotic changes in the blood vessels of children who have died from other causes.

Our climate—cold northern winds, including through snow—worsens the coronary circulation, and doctors usually see a higher incidence of angina from November until March. Other triggering factors include exertion during periods of fatigue, exertion after food, or abrupt stresses or stresses after a period of little exertion, and emotional activity, including intense enjoyment as well as anger and fear. Making love, unfortunately, comes into this category.

Patients describe anginal pain as a tightness, or a feeling of weight upon the chest, and many use the classical term

James Palpst is a Toronto doctor.

to describe the way they feel the discomfort. The pain is comparable to the feeling in one's arm after a blood pressure cuff has been inflated.

Anginal attacks come on during activity and disappear at rest, and a pattern of occurrence may become identifiable within a day's events. Typically the patient may have to stop at the same spot on the way to the box in the morning or at the same level while walking up an incline, and yet as the day progresses and the body warms up, activities that require even more exertion may be carried out without discomfort. Nocturnal angina may awaken a patient from sleep, brought about by the changes in the heart's activity during a disturbed dream state. Flaring hostility may fill in the left atrial region where most patients think their heart is located, is usually not angina.

The treatment of angina consists of weight control, reduction of elevated serum cholesterol, stopping smoking, a medically supervised program of exercise and an identification of the dominant stress component in the patient's life. Though often the cause faster or complex of stress factors cannot be resolved, in situations where angina is intractable and thus responsive to treatment, a dye study of the coronary circulation is carried out, usually in a university hospital setting, to provide a surgical correction of the narrowed coronary blood vessels. The coronary dye study is not carried out in all patients who suffer from angina but only when attacks are so frequent and so severe that the individual is unable to function.

Nitroglycerin is the traditional medication for anginal pain, and it has been used now for over a century. Its effect is to dilate the coronary arteries so that there is a higher delivery of oxygen to the heart muscle. Many patients react more emotionally to the word "nitroglycerin" than they do to the word "angina." Nitroglycerin is thought to have explosive properties. It does not. It also dilates the blood vessels in the heart and neck and patients often feel an immediate flushing on their arms as well as transient head discomfort. The experience frightens some people and they tend not to use the drug. But nitroglycerin is a very useful medication and when taken under the tongue, it will relieve anginal pain in one to three minutes and last for about 30 minutes. It is also the best vasodilator. If a patient knows that a particular activity may cause anginal pain, he can safely take nitroglycerin beforehand.

Though premature heart disease is a frightening possibility for many middle-aged men, it need not be confronted. One important way to recognize and understand the pattern of the disease



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## SPORTS

BY JEAN PARE

We'll, sure, we beat the Russians, sure of it. But they'll be back.

We could, of course, forget the whole thing. We could pretend that Alexander Kerjanskij was just some sort of weird obsession, the result of an overdose of September vodka, and then we could take the line that hockey is really not all that important to Canada, that we should be concentrating on freedom, democracy, bilingualism and minority government, and that a mature country doesn't put its national safety on the line in such childish ways, and... No. It doesn't seem very convincing.

The competitiveness of the Russians is important. Beating them is important. Something in the encounter is very close to the national nerve.

The solution to the Russian problem, according to Guyon Marcotte, lies in the cold, intellectual arena of organization and planning. We had that solution well in hand a couple of years ago, but something happened.

Guyon Marcotte is one of the best hockey intellectuals in the world. At 36, he's sports director at Laval University in Quebec City; he played junior A hockey for the Windsor Spitfires and the Trois-Rivières but rejected a future in the NHL in favor of a teaching career in sports and physical education in Ottawa, Montreal and at the University of Michigan.

Last November, Marcotte quit a total of seven official positions in the sports field, including a post as the government's assistant Minister. It is an agency involved in planning the next Olympic Games. The resignations were the result of a full disagreement over government policy on sports administration.

If anybody's got it right to criticize the bureaucracy in the field of sports planning, it's Marcotte. In Emilie Morin de Hecquy, which he runs with the help of professionals like Jacques Plante, involves some 3,500 young people in its training program every year, and it's produced players like Gilbert Perreault and Guy Lafleur, two of the best NHL players ever. Bobby Orr.

Marcotte then, has the credentials to point out the mistakes, gaps and omissions in Canada's hockey program. His point, simply stated, is that we don't have a hockey program and we need one: a national coaching and information system, similar to the Russian model. Something we might call a Canadian School of Hockey.

There have been one or two desultory attempts to create that kind of school. The Canadian Amateur Hockey Association organized regional hockey clinics for coaches back in 1963. Hockey Canada was set up in 1969 to develop a winning amateur team, and to look after the development of the game on a national



Guyon Marcotte

## A Survival Plan For Canadian Hockey

level. For various reasons the efforts failed. According to Marcotte, we're back where we were 30 years ago and that means 10 years behind the Russians. And that means losing.

Marcotte, who doesn't like the press, has designed a program to make sure we don't lose. It has eight components, and it makes sense.

**1. Information.** People like Jacques Plante, Poché Bouché and Eddie Shore know more about hockey than anybody else in the world, but that knowledge isn't available to young players and coaches. It should be. Marcotte suggests a national, bilingual information center, drawing on the expertise of the professionals supplemented with data on sports tactics, physiology, biomechanics, psychology and coaching methods from every source in Canada along with everything we can buy or steal from other countries.

**2. Distribution.** This national information center would be responsible for getting the results of its research to the people who can use it: through brochures, pamphlets, films, tape cassettes, seminars, and so on.

**3. Scientific Research.** We don't know enough about the performance of the human body in any sports and hockey in particular. What are the mechanics of a good wrist shot? How much oxygen does Paul Henderson need? We need answers, and we won't get them without a coordinated research effort.

**4. Coaching.** Half a million young Canadians play hockey, and very few of them get professional training, right now. Former NHL players who were

tough bodies, and good for it in their NHL careers, are passing their mistakes along to kids in the junior leagues. We can do better than that. But not without a massive effort to train coaches and support them in their jobs.

**5. Laboratory work.** Hockey officials tend to be contemptuous of "scientific officials," but physical training programs, developed in laboratories, have produced wonders like Valeri Kharin, the Olympic 300-meter dash medalist. We could use one or two Berzons in the NHL, especially if they could skate.

**6. Scholarships.** We do have hockey scholarships now, but often the players who get them wind up at universities with inadequate coaching and teams that play hockey on a power level. Scholarship holders should be sent to places with strong teams and strong coaches, or where the power?

**7. A national hockey magazine.** There are hockey publications of the first magnitude variety, in terms of teaching the game, they're never then useful. We need a national publication, available to coaches, players and officials, that concentrates on the technical and administrative aspects of the game.

**8. A national junior all-star team.** Once again, the Europeans are ahead of us, their players experience international competition at the college and university level, and they show it at the senior competitions. Our players should have the same advantages.

That's it. Eight things we can do now, to avoid being taken in the future. Eight things we should do.

There will no doubt, he complains from the old guard of the sports world that this kind of thing will take all the fun out of the game. It will seem boring, it will make players not-athletes.

Marcotte rejects this idea, and so do I. His program is designed, above all, to produce smart hockey players, athletes who know the techniques of the game, and one manipulates them in precise patterns of hockey that are beautiful, effective, and genuinely intelligent.

Canadian hockey at the moment is the antithesis of that kind of game. The Canadian superstars were shocked by the Russians, because the Russians played in a cohesive unit, at the top of their powers, the Canadians were out of shape, accustomed to coasting through their games and conditioned to play on a coffee level, by and for themselves. That's not hockey. It's slow and stultid.

Marcotte's formula might lead to a new style of play, an intelligent sport, played at extreme speed, with absolute efficiency, in which the kind of dumb brutality Wayne Gretzky displays would

seem like a waste of time. Imagine that. Canadians the best players in the world and the sportiest. ■



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*When the stone is curling down the ice. Paced by the rhythmic slapping of the iceones. The friendliness of the participants. It all seems to make the day a little brighter, and smiles a little broader.*

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Jean Paul is managing editor of Le Musicien.

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Published and printed by Macmillan Inc.

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MAGAZINE  
established 1952

is published and printed monthly  
by Macmillan Inc.

411 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont., Canada  
M5G 1S2 (416) 593-1212 (toll-free 1-800-387-2222)  
Distributors: News Inc. 1000 Yorkville Drive, N.Y.  
N.Y. 10021 (212) 512-2000 (toll-free 1-800-368-2222)  
100 Old Burgin Street, London, Ont. N6A 1W1

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100% RECYCLED PAPER

Some 10 years ago I paid my first and only visit to Canada. During my stay I managed to look around Quebec, Montreal and the country surrounding these cities, getting as far as Niagara Falls, and I was impressed by Canadian life and the glorious scenery.

My interest in your country has been rekindled since I began to receive *Maclean's* each month. Your publication is quite unique — we have nothing like it in England. I particularly admire the superb color photography accompanying many of your articles, most of which I read with considerable interest.

*Maclean's* is more or less unknown in this country but let us hope that eventually it will not be true that, as I pass my copy around to interested friends, I find V. M. POWELL NEW MALDEN ENG.

## America revealed

Dear God Alas America June (November) My God. We are different after all. Their ways have truly become most strange to us. JAMES DUFFY WINSTED

Having recently returned from 15 years of work in the U.S., I wish to congratulate you on having been able to draw a true picture of contemporary America (November).

I cannot remember ever having so enjoyed reading a magazine. Truth is a thrilling experience. DANIEL G. CALDWELL, OTTAWA

I have read with great disgust the November issue of your magazine. "Canada's National Magazine" has let an all-time low by printing all that American garbage. Look, if I wanted to read about the problems of the American dream then I would simply purchase one of the 50 or so wiretaps of Americans on our newsstands daily. The only article I have praise for is George Browning's *Confessions of A Failed American*. The rest is sheer pain. Go back to and stay with Canadian content. Know these things, but for God's sake let us avoid it. MARK ANDREW CLOUTIER, EDMONTON

What is Canada's National Magazine doing publishing news about somebody else's nation?

DAVID CAZINS, CHARLOTTETOWN

## Stand on guard

Jack Burton's article made me want to commit murder — *Was The Canadian Football League Sane?* (October). He wrote as if he were genuinely happy that the CFL was collapsing and the NFL was rising. However, he overlooks the fact the Canadian public might not like the NFL, and that they will be asked to support these teams.

I am a Canadian who believes that the CFL should stay Canadian. M. MURPHY WINDSOR, ONT.

## Together when it hurts

Miken Yarni — *An Analysis Of American Intervention In The Matter Of Quebec* (November) — says "Large distances — and precedent seems to count — that if that quiet, slightly naive, friendly Canadian province to the north (Quebec) suddenly turned early the United States would not sit idly by."

Well, neither would we! If the U.S. army infiltrated our border, the first to take up arms and join their French-Canadian relatives and friends in chasing the Yankee hordes where they belong would be the English-speaking Quebecers and then the rest of Canada.

We may love our differences but we can save close ranks in gala celebrations (Expo '87), in adversity (the kidnapping of Jean-Carmel), in sorrow (the waning murder of Pierre Laporte) and, if necessary, against an unwelcome invasion from the south. It wouldn't be the first time in our history that French-English and Indian-Canadian joined forces against our respective arch-enemies. And wait. Canadians in store that ethnic-skins deep. LORNA NORMAN, MONTREAL

## Transcendental truths

Duncan Cameron, from Toronto, is happy to be the director of the new Brooklyn Museum — *Exposition With out Tears* by Barbara Freeman (November). He rightly questions that an outside political boundaries. Everything of real value to the progress of humanity — science, philosophy, religion, music, literature, art — is above the plane of nationalism, pride and prejudice.

The true enemy of mankind is not to perpetuate our petty individualities but to work together to give every person of every race and nation the opportunity to develop their abilities. G. G. HARRIS, BAYVIEW CITY, ONT.

Mixed feelings of shock and resignation, abhor and pride, contempt and admiration must have welled up in Canadians who read *Exposition Without Tears* by Barbara Freeman (November). To many, it may be unbelievable that some countries risk equivalent deaths in favor of America, particularly in light of our newly discovered nuclearism.

Every was not one of the conflicting emotions that article evoked in me. Should Duncan Cameron be content in stating that art transcends class? He should make healthier comments, than may the millions of dollars of the Brooklyn Museum Foundation and Gro's Museum and him in his present endeavors. The

continued on page 12



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# Europe's week spots.

For more on our U.S. friends learn more than we do. KLAUS LANGER, BARNABOUCHE ONT.

## It's just gr-at

**Monday, March 21 at 4 p.m.** Tom Hedley (November) was spectacular. I have savaged my thousands, searching for the most appropriate accolade, but simplicity got the better of me. There is no very much to say about the story's style, its honesty, its coherence and the crisp way it keeps one of a certain delicious decadence. Hedley's piece is — I am at a loss for adjectives or superlatives — exceptional. These are my feelings having read, reread and shaken my poetry-prose-loving head at his most marvelous offering.

JOHN P. MARLEY, MONTREAL

Your recycled American manqué, Tom Hedley, has a fine ear for the cluck of New York journalists, and he feels warmly on a risk of them for the bulk of his journey down Bleeker Street and environs, but the most interesting thing about his piece occurs when he begins to talk about Canada. "I'm a Canadian but don't really know what that means. In Canada to reach some people." Our own cliché scowls don't thrill him as much as the Americans ones do. ("Canadian" people are often ashamed of themselves. And shame is a form of self-hatred. The country is cowardly and impotent.") Americans are specific (even to the clerical he sees on Bleeker Street) and Canadians are general. But shame, cowardice and impotence are specific and they are specifically his, Tom Hedley's — or anyone else's who must needs mindlessly parrot his generalities.

Christina Norwood has pointed out in a recent *Mailweek* that Canadians always want to be other people. And the trouble with being somebody else is that that somebody else is really becoming, in the

acquire, their manner. I, too, have eaten with burgers and would not subject my omnivorousness to the presence of this particular person to the demands of style as Hedley is forced to do in his hip-chromed role. Can one imagine a French or English or Italian novelist, for instance sacrificing his own personal sensibilities, viewpoints, integrity (and thinking it natural) while considering the American psyche? Besides being dishonest and at best arrogant, it is as boring as Rick Little moaning President Nixon.

"There is," says Hedley, "nowhere to go but back to Canada under the circumstances." The implication being that if the boy had continued to become happier he could have stayed, but now the show's over his must come back. Well, out having sweated and becoming either a Canadian or an American he is now somehow an expatriate. Do three manqué make a monkey? Obviously not. My own three years in America, if slightly Hedley's age, were during the McCarthy era, a time when considerable wounds were inflicted on that country by itself. Perhaps without the rattled violence of that time, there could never have been the explicit confrontations of the Sixties between right and left. Both McCarthy and the Sixties were, in impact, generational, now specifics have reassured themselves. Right or wrong, their South knows what it wants, their "others" have put their votes where they think their actual interests lie and the individuals (who know themselves well enough to know that they have to lose or it's all up) are still giving two general choices for democracy. The old checks and balances theory has worried anyone without deepening the inevitability of change. At the end of the McCarthy era a similar demand for stability appeared. When I left, my feeling was that I'd move away from a place of great energy and specificity, which may be one of Hedley's feel-

ings too. But there was, then, none of the bizarre searching and positive nihilism that Hedley has returned to. Outside CBC radio and the NPR the view from here was clear.

The privilege we have at that we must choose to be Canadian, that means concentrating on the local, the specific. Which in turn, means dragging a life for ourselves. Loving — to be bloody pompous about it — is local, but the art of living is a communication, the thing that says Canadians. To live in America and reside in Canada is part of an honour, an identity with which we've been afflicted, we didn't before when we lived in Britain and resided here. Perhaps we are getting over it, George Flowering's failure as an American may be a good sign.

*Confessions Of A Failed American* (November), Margaret Laurence's failure as an African was our gift, Al Purdy, God bless him, never had to walk through that fire and did. And under that generation but age and under those whom we haven't yet heard is an important, this writing that is going on now, because it is local and specific and gives voice to resistance here. *Mailweek*'s should perhaps concentrate on that and let the Hedleys have a one a little longer and "let's not" become possible.

ROBERT HAWLEN, WEST VANCOUVER

## An Aussie groan

What a pity Alan Hughes' "Illustrating imagination" wasn't so disappointed that he returned home to his pain-free-less Toronto and so spared us the agony of reading his atrocious article — *Aussie Aussie Beyond The Chicks* (September).

The illustration of one of the world's largest rocks at the head of the article was as colorful as Hughes' poetic prose. As an Australian I feel I should refuse some of his more ridiculous comments about Australia.

I don't really think that the so-called real Australia consists of "jumbo dragons" pouring lava made over nauseating North American tourists. Nor do I feel that 50% of Australians do not look upon themselves as real Australians simply because they do not live in the outback. While my pronunciation has not, thank God, reached the absurd depths in Australia that it has in Canada, such statements will certainly help the movement.

To refute the most popular myths concerning Australia, the "inferiority and enigma" of the Australian desert does not begin on Sydney's western city limits. Australia does not turn to America with an uncritical enthusiasm, nor do bush-bangers flood the land on a sea of paper. Sydney's Australia Square does not refer to a round building, but to the square on which the building is. I have never seen more gaudy garlands and

continued on page 34

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# THE WRACKERS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

BY BARTLEY HIGGINS

Shipwreck stripping as a dying art

Working as a Newfoundland outport tradesman is the basic viceroy. Like the rumormongers of Harbor Breton and the shore smugglers of St. Barbe, the wrackers who live along the Strait of Belle Isle practice a craft that is historic, exciting, profitable — and occasionally outside the law.

In years past, wrackers were out-and-out criminals who heeded unsuspicious remarks onto the rocks, where they could be plundered at leisure. The early inhabitants of Cape Build and Cape Newman were noted for their tendency to eat tantalizing filch: pecans on victory cruises, or when a whalley at sea was good.

Now, of course, times have changed, and wracking has come to mean the art of stripping an already wrecked ship. No one can fish beacons anymore. But ships do occasionally run aground by mistake, especially in confined water like the Strait. And once aground, don't fear game for everyone, whether or not her owners have officially given her up — if out to the eyes of the law, at least in the eyes of the wrackers.

Tom Macey, a 39-year-old north Newfoundland with wide experience in the field, explains: "Not" means around here we've tried to set a ship on the racks a-griping, but if one should founder on her own I'd surely someone'd manage to make off with her cargo and some of her fire's pretty quick."

The Nordfeldt, a Norwegian sealer, was bound for Montreal with a load of seal on November 22, 1922. At dusk, the Nordfeldt slung into a "junker," a rock that's awash at high tide, one mile off Flowers Cove, Newfoundland, at the narrowest part of the Strait. Her master and crew of 32 were rescued. Just before leaving, his ship, the watchful captain



looked at the ship's hull, and, disappointed three others in a small boat to guard his valuable cargo overnight.

But when the captain (whose name is not readily stamped back aboard the rumormongers) found a good part of his coal gone. Ragged holes had been chopped in the deck and bilgeboards don't interest everything in sight. Overboard, he demanded, and got an official investigation of the theft. It was concluded by a wreck inspector, who could find no solution to the mystery. While

had the 20 or so tons of coal gone? The answer, of course, was to the wreckers of Flowers Cove. In this instance, the merchants. Some of them organized a boarding party, slipped a bottle of rum to the Nordfeldt's guards, looted the ship, and stored the contraband coal carefully in their barns and cellars. Later that winter, in no one's surprise, bargain-priced coal flooded the Flowers Cove market.

One man who witnessed the entire affair, and who wishes to remain anonymous, remembers the incident with glee. "Wherever done it was a bloody great," he grins. "Right under the nose of the captain, the guards, and the customs officer. I tell you, the fellows [he] took that coal was smart!" He speaks carefully in the third person, his face wrinkled with enjoyment. "Twenty tons of coal — not a bad return on two bottles of rum, is it?"

Two bottles? Oh yes. There was that wreck inspector.

Also in 1922, HMS Raleigh, a British light cruiser, went aground on Point Amour, Labrador, some miles from Flowers Cove. Ten members of the crew lost their lives. The two wrecks, so close together, inspired a local poetaster and a somewhat inelegant sonnetist who happened to be traveling through Flowers Cove to write a song. The Nordfeldt And The Raleigh. Now if the captain, he chanced to come! He would see these ships! The craft would soon be gone! And! And then slipped through her deck.

After the Admiralty gave the Raleigh up, John Macey (who recently died at the age of 94) showed ahead. He and his brethren lowered cut jugs into the water-filled wreckage, and carefully hooked up a solid silver sugar basin, a cream jug, and eight engraved spoons in a box. The spoons have since disappeared, the cream jug remains hidden in a safe place," but the sugar basin, used the worst for wear, does regular duty on his niece's dinner table. "To my eye it's a beautiful thing," she says.

In 1943 a British freighter named the Ibis, Duke caught a German torpedo off Belle Isle, and managed to limp ashore at Big Brook, 36 miles east of Flowers Cove. A man whom we shall call Peter was one of the first on the scene. After making reasonably sure all hands were safe ashore, Peter turned his deliberate attention to the stricken ship herself. He liberated four barrels of flour, a bushel of corn, a polished brass chandelier, and several choice brasses, but his most valuable prize came from the chart drawer. "I was never much for readin' charts and dat," Peter says, "but they made dandy wallpaper. It lasted for



10 years — and werry! Almost as good as having proper insulation.

Isabella Davis is not just an ordinary wracker, interested in "cash crops" like brass fittings and bronze inch-and-half screws. When the Raleigh went down 30 years ago, Isabella salvaged, of all things, a piano. Formerly it's the crew's



instrument room, the instrument room was proudly, well-painted and unscathed, to her porch. Though apparently in excellent condition, it's never been played or tuned since it was recovered from the wreck.

"No one here plays a piano," Isabella explains shyly, "but I'm proud to have it in the house. It's nice to look at, and remember."

The Orin was an ancient 400-ton Greek tramp steamer, so badly rained that her deck could be easily punctured with the blunt end of an axe. On October 6, 1948, she steamed slowly out through the Strait, pulling a cargo of coal. At daybreak, without warning, the Orin slammed onto Flowers Ledges. The same rocks that had claimed the Nordfeldt 26 years earlier. This time, though, a spark from the collision ignited some coal dust in the ship's hold. In the explosion and fire, 13 of the Orin's crewmen were seriously burned, and the ship's back broken in several places.

Around noon that morning, 80-odd Newfoundland wrackers climbed aboard the smoking wreck, bent on a voyage of discovery that the most fastidious might call theft. The humble, aging Greek, however, had little to give up: a grey Wilcox compass, a few bottles of cheap rum, some food-stained pieces of brass, some secondhand clothes. Then Tom Macey decided to salvage the ship's wheel, and stumbled on an intriguing treasure, a sort of digger's version of The Rose of The Ancients. Macey took pride off the bronze cap in the center of the wheel, and a piece of dog-eared paper, folded four times, that it proved to be a Cairo lottery ticket, printed both in French and Arabic in 1913, to benefit the International Association for Public Assistance in Egypt. On the back, in faded red, this anonymous, out-of-meter but painfully honest warning was scrawled: *Let him who puts this treasure up! About north the capital, / Let him who has won for the top, / Let us save him to be caught.*

For all its color and tradition, wracking is on the way out. There just haven't been as many shipwrecks as there used

to be. An occasional fishing boat driven ashore these days, and fishing vessels caught in the ice are still fair game, but that's about it. No big fisherman have been wrecked in the Strait of Belle Isle for more than 15 years. Old John Macey, before his death, blamed it on technology. "Those belezous inventions," he grumbled, "taking along such things as radar and depth-sounders."

But along both shores of the Strait, old men sit in their wood shaves and remember how then, that, or the other ship came to grief, and how his cargo was "shared up." The younger men listen carefully, show due respect, wait for a chance to prove their nautical and experienced ship captains when they see the rugged, rockbound coast of north Newfoundland and Labrador on the horizon, still alive it with respect. For they know that there are finally few prizes now over there — wracking.





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## INSIDE MACLEAN'S



In this issue of Maclean's four writers have written two pieces in an attempt to come to grips with the great. Dear God what happened on October-30? question. Paul Galt is the magazine's assistant art director and looking inappropriately modest about caring to grip with the corpse in a very different way he devised, we think to superb effect the chess pieces representing key political figures that appear on the cover of this issue and as central one of the election articles that follow on pages 21 to 27. The chessmen were sculpted by Galt on squarish bases out of Cellulose, a contemporary version of paper-mache. Then every period, set up on a board made of specially cut tiles and photographed by Ray Vickers under the expert eye and with the expert aid of our art director, Ralph Tisdale. What they say about the election results is chaste (here we leave to the aficionados to ponder what they say about Galt's talent and timidity is something else). Each of them took nearly 30 hours to make, and although Galt has never seen any of the jobs in person each one bears an uncanny likeness to the individual man's external features and internal geography.

Margaret Atwood, the author of *Travel Back* (which starts on page 28) is not only a fine poet and novelist, she's also a shrewd and poetic Canadian writer — one of those people whose pleasure it is to discover what we think of ourselves: an anthology of Canadian perceptions. Her new book *Survival* (Penguin) is one of the best examinations ever published of how Canadians have used the word *survival*. *Travel Back* is an extension of that personal examination of what a look at ourselves through the lens of a rare talent.

John McMurtry is a former star athlete for the University of Toronto who later played professional football for the Calgary Stampeders; now he's a teacher of philosophy at the University of Guelph. That makes him pretty well equipped to examine the merits of the next Olympic Games, scheduled for Montreal in 1976. On the evidence, McMurtry concludes that the Olympics are merely socially and economically useful for Canada and Canadians (A Case For Killing the Olympics, page 34). The research for McMurtry's argument was gathered by Elaine Devere, a knowledgeable and efficient Toronto line writer. ■



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## REFLECTIONS ON A FALL FROM GRACE

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

King's gambit declined

*I can remember a July evening in 1986, sitting around a polished picnic table at a refurbished farmhouse near Ottawa with a ANK-knot of people from the capital — a couple of journalists, a civil servant, a television producer and a scientist — regally rolled in swag — eating curry, drinking sangria and talking politics. To talk politics that summer meant you talked about Pierre Trudeau only as the conversation flowed naturally on, somebody mentioned a French book he'd just been reading called *The Morning Of The Magicians* and then put forward, not too loudly, the theory that Trudeau was a kind of magician. We were all pretty deep into the Spanish red and the clove-laden nightgals, but all the same we weren't that far gone and what seems astonishing now is that nobody hesitated with devices, nobody laughed the man out of the room. In fact, his suggestion was considered with respect and one or two people even received in his book next day and try to fit Trudeau's performance into its national theory about the kind of political sewer needed to contain the complexities of the 20th century.*

I haven't thought about that scene for years — it seems in a way to belong to another lifetime — but flying home from the west on the morning after this fairly extraordinary column in *Kaplan* brought me my mind. And in its wake came a number of questions that must have been troubling a lot of Canadians that day: "What happened to the magic?" Or more important, what happened to the man? Did he ever possess the qualities we ordinary men wish? Had he been shorn of power? Why didn't he turn into the leader we had been waiting for and so many of us were sure he really was?"

These questions were answered during the post-election confusion in a variety of ways. The four mayors and head-right men were quick to point out that they had never been so foolish as to be taken in by Trudeau in the first place and he delivered what they expected, which wasn't much. The blind together maintained either that the election results indicated an ugly bigotry against French power in Ottawa or that the

failure had been not Trudeau's at all but a simpler one of communication lag, his achievements hadn't been put across to the dinghies in the heartland.

But to those who didn't belong to either camp, myself among them who were simply trying to figure out what had really happened, it was plain that the campaign had been a rehearsal for Pierre Trudeau. An information film he lost.

The man that lost was discussed by Trudeau's friends, opponents, intimates and critics, the more apparent it became that the election result was due to one central fact: Trudeau had committed the cardinal sin for a politician, he had lost touch with his constituency. He finished during his first 34 months in office as the head of a government and not the leader of a nation. He didn't understand Canadians and their concerns. And what was worse, he didn't appear to care.

He fell from grace in all the sudden — and all the more demeaning to him and the people who believed in him — because he once seemed in possession of simple measures for the necessary for greatness. He had the morning, the nationwide mandate for his crusade to unite the country, the chance to attract the best minds to his cause, the wit to lighten the burden of office. But in prime minister he displayed one fatal flaw. He was guilty of what the ancient Greeks called hubris or overweening pride. It was a flaw that rendered him impotent of responding to any reality but his own. He wouldn't listen to his critics in the Commons. He paid no heed to the MPs in his own caucus. He misled the doctors in his cabinet. He scorned the professionals in his party. He ignored the spoken and written pleas of citizens who sought to focus his attention on their concerns. So that in the end he could only be forced to listen by the worst that society owns in a democracy: the verdict of the ballot box.

When you look back his four and a-half years in office unfold like a drama with Trudeau as the wild man trapped in a vacuum of his own making. As the circles of isolation



Photo: The Canadian Press

grew around him it was almost as though he was absorbed into them himself and that the very people that had expelled him into power. He moved through his first term in office like a San King in a latter-day Versailles, surrounded by courtiers whose chatter he mistook for the sound of reality.

The majority status Trudeau found himself in as at the end of October, 1972, had no impact on a theory of government he formulated early, years before when he was a freshman MP from Montreal Royal during the last wandering phase of the Pearson government, a group of men would meet in his office every Thursday for what might have been called a bull session if the company had been less refined. They were all intellectuals like himself, the "new guys with new ideas" in order of so thoroughly when he joined the Liberal leadership later. Most of them had observed the consolidation of power from the sidelines for years as assistant deputies or young lawyers working on constitutional reform or executive arrangements covering up ministerial mistakes. They were convinced Pearson's embarrasment proved that the old politics was dead, that the executive mandarins were obsolete and that a government should be run with the modern administrative techniques originated by the Harvard Business School. Nobody had yet believed them technicians but the essence of their approach was emotional cool, implacable momentum and dedication to abstract principle. They saw public service as the reduction of "issues" to strategic goals, the pursuit of and execution of those goals as McGovern, Kennedy, or Whitewater. A senior advisor, who once explained that "man's real motivating force is the simple, natural, almost unchangeable human desire to do something really well."

When Trudeau stepped into office in the spring of 1968, he knew exactly the technical conversations to attend and demonstrated that he was going to take all the time he wanted, time, fun, flunking, politicking, however benign but traditionally surrounded the seat of power with a new breed of perfectionist — and replace them by his, in many cases with members of the Thursday Club. In doing so, he set up what has since been termed to call a "parliament government in the East Block." By 1972, he employed on his personal staff and in the Prime Minister's Office 411 people for an annual budget of \$11 million, three times as much as Pearson spent on his advisors and 45 times as much as DeLoach's. Trudeau got himself entangled in the process of government that he spent 50 hours a week on meetings of one kind or another in trying to bypass the bureaucracy, he created neither and unwittingly became its victim.

It's important to assess the group before people who surrounded him in some of those it excluded as well as those it included. "Within six months of coming to office," and in a cold letter, "Trudeau had recruited all of his outside sources of intelligence. There wasn't one guy in his entourage you could call an insider, nobody who really had political muscle or was willing to remain Trudeau's man if he was human and therefore fallible. It was a unit without a joint."

Two of the men who were quickly excluded from the prime ministerial presence happened to have the shrewdest political minds he'd been in contact with, both of them were open, funny, responsive and selflessly realistic to a degree that listening to other people's opinions didn't mean that you had abandoned your own. They were Eddie Rubin, Trudeau's 27-year-old former special assistant in the justice department and a key strategist in his leadership drive, and Senator John Nisbet, president of the Liberal Federation of Canada and co-guardian of the victorious 1968 election. It was Rubin who put down \$1,000 of his own money to rent on Trudeau's leadership campaign office and it was Rubin that Trudeau turned to and begged in that first emotional moment at the Liberal convention after John Nisbet announced his victory. Rubin and Nisbet were frozen out by the PM's old friends before the end of his first summer in office, and by the beginning of 1969 he had cut off a score of other friends, in essence anyone

who still felt close enough to him to consent the integration of probing his infidelity.

Most of the men who did fit the Trudeau style of technocratic government were alike. They were highly educated, nearly all of them at great universities abroad. (Three were Oxford men in Trudeau's closest circle, three of them Rhodes Scholars.) Most belonged to the moneyed strata of the urban elite, several had spent their working lives outside the country in embassies or international agencies and, with rare exceptions, they were all bent on adding themselves of any kind of prominence. "They treated people who existed outside the Ottawa-Montreal axis as though they belonged in colonial outposts and were always afraid somebody was going to dump the tea into Vancouver harbor," says one of the few powerful people in Ottawa with a genuine love for the country.

Trudeau's chief of staff was Marc Lalonde, an Oxford graduate and former law professor at the University of Montreal. Lalonde stood out in the entourage as a man who fully subscribed to the PM's technocratic principles but who managed at the same time to keep himself rooted in certain basic realities. His family had farmed land on the Ferry off the southern tip of Montreal Island for 300 years and Lalonde never lost his peasant thread. "I'm a Norman farmer," he was heard to say more than once. "It's like being from Missouri." Lalonde was tough, undaunted by social hypocrisy or emotional pretensions, and he had an understanding of Quebec politics that was visceral as well as cerebral. But he never pretended to know what made the rest of Canada tick and it was to Trudeau's great disadvantage that his staff didn't include an English equivalent of Lalonde.

Next to Lalonde, probably the most influential men in the PMO were Jim Dwyer and Ivan Head, an Oxford graduate in physics. Dwyer in an earnest, polite, compulsively hard-working, given to talking about such things as "policy consequences" and to believing there are few horses under that

coat's been reduced to one of his colored graphs or "entrail path logs." Dwyer's chair was locked in a room in which only two men whose names were seldom mentioned in the media admitted. Both he and Ivan Head wrote speeches for Trudeau that were, as one disgruntled Liberal complained, "not speeches at all but monologues for papers to be published in *Foreign Affairs*." Head was a Harvard graduate and former law professor, who had been in the cabinet of Robert Borden. He wrote *Kingsmen*, being the world on behalf of the Prime Minister and bypassing sceptical officials in the Department of External Affairs while he was at it.

Other key staff members were L. D. Hudson, a Quebec City economist, who functioned as deputy secretary (operations) of cabinet and had spent most of the previous 20 years on various economic assignments in Canadian embassies abroad and with the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development in Washington. Gordon Gibson, a millionaire's son from Vancouver whose imaginative policy ideas were muted by the sound of louder voices and who finally decided to be more influential as a member of the House of Commons, and Tim Pons, a graduate of the University of Paris and member of a distinguished old family from English Montreal. Pons worked as a writer of policy papers and speeches and also inspired a journalist to say, after interviewing him, "My God, JCMM is running the country." (JCMM is the Junior Companion of the Order of Merit, a group awarded to devotees of art and dowdy chaps who give an annual prize-fund-raising party called *Strawberries & Champagne* that takes West-end folk with pleasure.)

The regime's most influential public servants were Gordon Robertson, the clerk of the Privy Council, and Michael Peled, head of the security (intelligence) branch. Robertson, a Jew in Ottawa from Montreal in 1941, served as Mackenzie King's secretary, and became the Lord High Maitland in 1963. Although he emphasized the passion-driven competence of the old bureaucracy, Robertson was sufficiently adaptable, compatible (he too was an Oxford man) and knowledgeable to become part of the magic circle. "The thing I like best about Robertson," Trudeau said a friend, "is that when I came at first thing in the morning he presents me with a series of answers to questions I didn't even know had been asked." Peled, the son of a Montreal financier, was a different matter. Young, thin, brilliant (he was probably Trudeau's only intellectual peer in the whole species), he had a moral conscience that cut off to his elegant friend. He went on holidays with Trudeau to Spain, Mexico and Yugoslavia and because of this, and his disdain for people he felt weren't "gentlemen," he was thought in Ottawa to have a Machiavellian attitude with the PM which he himself disavowed.

Every morning at 9:30 the Prime Minister conferred with Robertson, Lalonde, Hudson and Peter Robert, his press secretary. Robert was also a Rhodes Scholar who came to Trudeau's office after 13 years abroad as an officer with External Affairs, years that had wiped out all trace of his Alberta origins. Apparently chosen because of his compatibility with the PM rather than with the press, he insisted all but the most apocryphal reports as "a courtesy" but (as Trudeau publicly described them) and made mention for his bow with effortless grace. Robert's predecessor, Ronald LeBlanc, now a Liberal MP from New Brunswick, was better at the job but he was hampered too by the PM's disdain for the press. LeBlanc once confessed to a friend, "I go in there every morning and think if I say it is any way to put forward a reporter's point of view, Trudeau can see down. I sometimes feel as though I ought to walk in bowing and back out in defense as soon as I'm dismissed." The only person in the Trudeau press operation with a genuine sympathy for reporters was Vic Chaplin, a former press secretary and kicker in the BC Lions and Edmonton Eskimos, a man with a husky voice, a boxer's face and a warm heart. Reluctant to functioning as a load of baggage and a little prodder on the PM's press team, Chap-

man was scaled off from most influence with the Trudeau inner circle. Flying back from the official tour of Kansas in 1971, he answered a reporter's complaint about Trudeau's inaccessibility with the flaking remark, "Listen, I can't do a damn thing about it. Those guys don't have any respect for my intellect. They think I'm a fool."

Inside Trudeau's Ottawa knowledge was power, and most of his aides acted as though the very time of day were a state secret to be extracted only to certain high-minded and carefully screened officials. The East Block bought a heavy-duty paper shredder which could handle up to a ton an hour of what was called "classified waste." The Market of secrecy even extended to ministerial studies that had always been in the public domain, such as the background papers for Edgar Benson's white paper on taxation and J. Graham's studies on Canadian oil reserves. "Goddamn, my tax man would put for those studies," a Toronto businessman wrote in a fury to the PM's office, "and I'd like to know by what right night you can keep them from being published."

Fortified by De Gaulle's famous dictum that "nothing separates authority from that silence," Trudeau's men saw themselves as belonging to an elite with little obligation to spend time on or with lesser people. Most of them weren't exactly benevolent, but once they got into power they were overwhelmed by what is known as *le déshonneur* — a blinding, blinding belief in themselves as them, through being not a great person, a kind of dragline high that comes only in the presence of an exalted indulgence or gaze. To them, Trudeau was both.

The source of their own power was access. Access not only to the most successful bit of prime minister but, equally important, to control over which policy proposals would or would not be presented to full cabinet. Each minister's legislative ideas had to be submitted to the East Block strategist who would then decide which cabinet. / (Continued on page 6)



# NOTES FROM THE BACK OF THE BUS

BY WILLIAM CAMERON

Foot's route  
watching the press watching the Mideles

On October 19, Peter Donohue of the *Toronto Star* reported that the Liberal campaign was "a highly personal contest, and although the tone is rarely used in the tough world of politics... a work of art." The campaign, then, was designed, shaped and colored by Pierre Trudeau to express with precision his perceptions of the country and its citizens. It was an extension of his personality, an attempt to synthesize four years of government into six weeks of display.

The consensus in the country was that it was boring.

Prince Edward Island farmer, on meeting the Prime Minister of Canada graciously: "Hello, there. Lead's pretty strong, all right."

Three weeks in airplanes, in hotel rooms, on chartered buses, one week with Trudeau, one with Stanfield, one with Lewis. And a pervasive sense of uneasiness, hostility. I'm a magazine writer, trying to discover the connections between the leaders and the country, trying to discover who the men are by examining the ways they touch people. But they do not touch people. The campaign seems to be a questionnaire set of repetitions, hollow as a drum.

I find my natural place at the back of the bus, and stare at my notebook. One way a day, maybe two, this is going to be a load of piss, because there's nothing happening. Here I live, do you get it, in the central reality of a political campaign when there isn't one?

In the Stanfield press bus, a mood of (irritable) loneliness; damn it, why won't the man come out and fight? The reporters slide him leading questions at press conferences, hoping for some burst of life to improve their career on the eleven o'clock news. Nothing. "The government has been irresponsible." We drove through Ontario, from high school to high school, Stanfield trying to make himself heard above the

rattle of unimportant in-car conversation. The reporters, looking for some usage some energy, finally fill back on the composition of private airplanes to capture their frustration. Stanfield's voice sounds like a bassoon played underwater. Stanfield speaks French as a third language, English as a second language, and nobody knows what the first one is.

In Montreal, we are joined by Claude Wagner, the former Liberal provincial attorney-general who's trying to win some strange tide of Quebec Progressive Conservative ground. The Conservatives have always looked for a strong man in the province, lifting their noses to the wind for another Duplessis. In a Montreal department store, as Stanfield and Wagner move through the sales clanking hands, the television crowd stop with Wagner. He walks in a bath of light. Stanfield hangs at the side, in gloomy parentheses. A radio reporter, trying desperately for color, asks, "Has Stanfield got to be the underdog candidate yet?"

Something clicks into place. The only way to account for Stanfield's stance and style is this: Stanfield is intensely embarrassed by the whole thing. The embarrassment is held in by a rigid tension, never allowed to show, but it is the sole explanation, the only one I can come up with. He goes through his days of campaigning in a state of constant exorcism, just how to check that theory? "Mr. Stanfield, I've noticed that whenever you go you seem to be trying not to blush." There are some kinds of courage that are not required of political reporters.

I am finally allowed a 15-minute interview with Stanfield on his private bus, and he begins sharply. "They tell me you're not publishing until December. I don't know. I have an election to run here."

"Well, I..."  
"Oh, I'd talk to you." A futile snap. But then, as the cold grey Ontario day drifts past the bus window, he's back to making outstated speeches: "The province..." / continued on page 34



# IMPERATIVES OF THE OTHER ELECTION

BY JOHN GRAY

The French defense  
Marc Lalonde as grand master

Bookend de Maisonneuve in Montreal, 10 days before the federal election. A kid ahead of me is whistling with the sweet whistled joy and satisfaction that comes only in those in their late teens and early twenties. He has a longish, and he's wearing flared jeans and a denim jacket, on which he's painted the jagged Q symbol of the Parti Quebecois. A bit ostentatious, but then, in Montreal politics are never boring.

The old thing about this young separatist is that he is whistling that infuriatingly catchy, ringing tune to which everybody in Quebec has been subjected for weeks.

*Ensemble, ensemble.*

*Notre avenir, notre avenir.*

*Un grand Canada, fait pour nous et nous.*

*Quatre ans pour nos idées.*

Together, together we have built a great Canada, made for you and me four years to do all that. Nobody who watched television or listened to the radio during September and October could escape it, it was the theme song of the Liberal Party in Quebec, a poem to the great work done in Ontario for federalism and, by implication, against separatism.

There were two elections in Canada on October 30, and they produced absolutely different results. There was the election in Quebec, and the election in the rest of Canada. In the end the distinction, and not the similarities, prevailed in Quebec: the Liberals were elected. Beyond Quebec, they were defeated. So it was the difference that was important — to the election, and to the history of the country.

Seven years ago, Jean Marchand, General Postmaster and Pierre Elliott Trudeau announced that they were assuming politics in the service of the Liberal Party of Canada (Quebec). Since that day, they and their allies have taken over the government of Canada, their energies have been focused on the thousand problems of running a country, but they have never allowed their attention to waver from at least dramatic struggle for the soul of Quebec. That was the core of both elec-

tion — and it was all distilled beautifully, with all the contradictions intact, in this separation and in his denim jacket, whistling the Liberal campaign song.

The main difference between the two elections was implicit. In the Liberal Party of Pierre Trudeau, the apostle of One Canada in which one province is just like any other, the Quebec election was seen and heard differently from the election in the rest of Canada. For English Canada the campaign was planned from national headquarters in Ottawa where they hoped that the hand was strong. The Quebec campaign was planned in the writer's creative offices of the Liberal headquarters on St. Catherine Street West in Montreal, and it was a continuation of the attitude launched seven years before when Trudeau and his friends decided to save Quebec for Canada.

In Quebec, the Liberal campaign had just one message, diffused in 10 different television spots — the virtue of federalism for Quebec, the success of French Canadians in winning a role for themselves in Ottawa, Liberalism is Canadianism. That was the message that Trudeau delivered in the few times he visited the province during the campaign, and that was the message of the historic 600,000 vote that showed a historic Trudeau, but far clunked in the air, leading the cheering masses behind him. The campaign slogan was simply *Ensemble*, and it was, in a sense, a weaker Liberal candidate: beautifully ambiguous and absolutely unmistakable, together in Quebec in Canada, French and English Canadians together, the Liberal team together, the Quebec Liberal team together.

Two elections, then, and the Liberal campaign was the core of the election in Quebec. That core was manipulated by Jean Marchand, Marc Lalonde and Jean Richard.

Nobody who has watched Ottawa with even passing interest in the past four years could doubt the role of Quebecers in the federal government. Certainly / continued on page 60



# ONE MORE WHIRL FOR A PRAIRIE POPULIST

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

End game or not  
John George Diefenbaker is still intent

I went out in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, for a few days during that historic campaign last summer to report on John Diefenbaker's reelection, to discover what, if any, secrets might still be swimming in the crevices of his soul. I went, not because it seemed like a good place to get away from the press hounds and the crowds. A place where you could still touch the country. But mostly I went because John Diefenbaker was once again in the political ring and I couldn't stay away.

I found a candidate very different from the fractious Diefenbaker of the great national campaigns, those drawn-out public bloodbaths when success was measured not by votes but by survival. This was a relaxed politician, dancing out the joy of being back among his own people, the brew of laughter never far below the surface of his outrage.

The Diefenbaker Year of Canadian history seemed to date as the Boer War, but the man whose name they bear was still running hard (because he knew no other way to rest) and it was only his tight-lipped competitors who failed to understand why, at the age of 77, he really had no choice. Diefenbaker's life has been so exclusively channelled into his public role that chasing to continue means chasing to office. Working from "ministry" the small private town, hearing him talk to the farmers in the faded Leppow halls, I could feel myself in contact both with the roots of his power and the reasons for his downfall.

The dilemma of most Canadian politicians seriously returned to office is how to stem their marginal differences so they can conceal their basic awkwardness. John Diefenbaker's difficulty is exactly the opposite. His problem is to make to make enough concessions to his nature so that he will sound enough like his less redemptive rivals to see himself as a man on his knees in a land of political intrigues.

Thesenegatives his forthright, began as always with a somewhat convention at the Orpheum Theatre, a converted

vaudeville house in downtown Prince Albert. Summer had not more week to run and half-a-dozen Indians stood on the benches near the Hudson's Bay Company for deposit on River Street. The campaign was still unharvested and Diefenbaker's people worried about picking the 800-seat theatre.

But the Orpheum filled quickly that night as a seven-piece band called The Cockapopem (MUSIC: ANY WAY YOU LIKE IT) struck up a kind of bluegrass groove then went on to play polka and country rock. J. J. Crooks, a local radio personality, came on stage to warm up the audience. "Did you hear about Trudeau's accident? He was taking his morning walk when he was hit by a motorboat!"

Here, in the dingy little theatre, Diefenbaker had first regaled up those grand visions that later claimed the emotional conquest of a decade. And now the man who had refused to say Napoleon braved with Winston Churchill, who had called General Eisenhower "Pat" to his face, and who had saved the Confederation by standing up against South Africa apartheid was reduced to this paragon of home-town loyalties. Still, this was his army, and there was a rush of sheer happiness (that made you realize how rare joy is in crowds) when the barbaric evocation of the fugitives harassed the Chaff's arrest.

But after eight something speeches, ruminating the Great Man's glories, there was a loud 10 minutes as Bob Firth, a Saskatchewan businessman, commented on his brother. Well, as an anti-Diefenbaker Conservative candidate. "The PC party has gone from a majority of 208 members in 1958 to a minority of 72 members at the present time," he began. "What happened? Who was to blame? The Party? Or the Leader?" It was a challenging concert! Every eye in the house turned on John Diefenbaker and suddenly people were remembering all the tragedies, small and large, that had cost their man his power, understanding a little of why he was being challenged here on his home ground by a spoiler, a young man. / continued on page 32



# FIRST BUSINESS OF A MARITIME CAMPAIGNER

BY GORDON FAIRWEATHER, MP

When stamping Fundy-Royal  
watch out for the divine light of power

The softwood trees are a deeper green along the Bay of Fundy and in late October the golds and browns of the salt marshes are mellower than ever beside the small black dots carving their way through the marshlands to the sea.

The sea is not married for fishermen and poets, there are also shagbuds and july snails and oil refineries on the shore. But the noise and smog of factories are soon forgotten in the beauty of New Brunswick, Fundy-Royal, which stretches from Saint John to the river of the north and east, and takes to the lower St. John River Valley.

Fundy-Royal is a large constituency, and I have plenty of time for reflection as I travel from town to village to town. The 1972 election is my fifth campaign in 10 years, but I still feel that for the sake of my own integrity I must maintain a sense of proportion when supporters raise exaggerated claims about our upon grave-faced audiences. "You don't mean that I am not deeply touched when, during a campaign in a hospital convalescent ward, a woman grips my hand and says, 'Mr. Fairweather, it is not just that your supporters respect you, they love you.'"

Have courage on the road. It is important not to permit anxiety, the confusion of isolation, to disintegrate into despair. The truth is that I am engaged in a passionate love affair with people and places in the area I represent in parliament.

A federal election campaign is a curious mixture of exposure and isolation, of exhilaration and exhaustion; but for me the strongest sensation is one of being in a time capsule for six weeks. The candidate does not receive signals from time to time—messages from national headquarters urging more greater effort and tugging wires of worried voters. Yet even though my campaigns are following the progress of the campaign by means of newspapers, radio and television, I feel out of time the national scene. One of the truths of New Brunswick politics is that provincial, not national, issues are foremost in the minds of the people. Debates, elections and roads rank well

ahead of ideology in voter appeal as I seek support.

On a suburban farm a mile from the main highway lives a family who have asked to see me. The message is relayed in the casual way of some country people— "If you see Mr. Fairweather, ask him to stop by." I had a note to distraught by worry due to his wife's illness that he'll be all hope. His wife's heart is on the right side of her body, and other vital organs are also misplaced. The Canadian Heart Foundation is paying half the drug bills but there's no spare cash to pay the rest. The family is stricken by debt. I promise to help. I telephone the Heart Foundation and write to the provincial department of health, but there are stopping procedures, the image of the man's eyes will not leave my mind.

In the village of Apohaqui lives Mrs. Phyllis Buchanan, a World War II hero. Her husband, her husband's brother and then her daughter were afflicted with Huntington's chorea, a rare hereditary degenerative disease of the central nervous system. Mr. Buchanan died and the Department of Veterans Affairs first responded to Mrs. Buchanan's application for help by saying that she was "too young to be a widow." That insensitive and inhuman was overturned by pressure, firmly applied, for while certainly knew of this mother's devotion to her gravely ill daughter and knew she could not leave her to go out to work.

Cheryl died last September. Because I had been close to the family at a critical stage in their lives, I went to the funeral, after first being assured by a local sage that such a gesture would not be misunderstood.

Jan Clark lives at 100 Broad Cove in Queens County and walked on miles to shake hands with me. He drinks a glass of scolding coffee as first as the good ladies who are waiting for the "meet the candidate" sign to see if he has cup. He sits twice times as a draught to warm him during his long walk home.

A brief note comes to our page headquarters and makes for paper and pen. He scribbles the / continued on page 32



# TRAVELS BACK

BY MARGARET ATWOOD

*Refusing to acknowledge where you come from is an act of amputation*

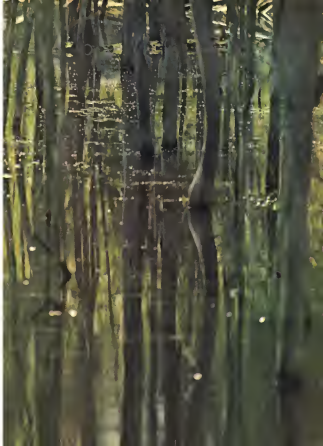
Three hours past midnight, Highway 17 between Ottawa and North Bay, November. I'm looking out the Greyhound bus window at the almost nothing I can see. Coffee taste still with me from the Ottawa station, where I was misread four hours because someone in Toronto mixed up the schedules. I sit writing letters and trying not to watch as the two waitresses disposed of a tiny, worried drink. "I been all over the world, giller," he told them as they forced his coat on him, "I been places you never see."

The headlights poke out asphalt, snow-salted road borders, dark trees as we leave round the frequent bends. What I picture is that we'll pass the motel, which they said was on the highway outside Renfrew — but which side? — and I'll have to walk, a mile maybe, carrying the two suitcases full of my own books I'm lugging around because there may not be any bookstores, who in Toronto knew? A passing truck, Canadian, Comauit squashed all over the road, later the police wondering what I was doing there anyway, as I am myself at this moment. Tomorrow at nine (nine!) I'm supposed to be giving a poetry reading in the Renfrew high school (nine days in Renfrew, my friends in Toronto said with, I guess, irony before I left.

I'm thinking of summer, a swimming pool in France, an acquaintance of mine floating on his back and explaining why bank managers in Canada shouldn't be allowed to hang Goya's Seven pictures on their walls — it's a false image, all nature, no people — while a clutch of assorted Europeans and Americans listen incredulously.

"I mean, Canada," one of them drawls. "I think they should give it to the United States, then it would be good. All except Quebec, they should give that to France. You should come and live here. I mean, you don't really live there any more."

We get to Renfrew finally and I step off the bus into six inches of early snow. Like was wrong, this if anywhere is where I live. Highway 17 was my first highway, I traveled along it six months after I was born, from Ottawa to North Bay and then to Temiskaming, and from there over a one-track dirt road into the bush. After that, twice a year, north when the ice went out, south when the snow came, the time between spent in tents, or in the cabin built by my father on a granite point a mile by water from a Quebec village so remote that the road went in only two years before I was born. The towns I've passed and will pass — Arnprior, Renfrew, Pembroke,







Chalk River. Mattwa, the old pregranted mission as each of them built on lumber money and the assumption that the forest would never grow out — they were logcamps, saw stations. That was 30 years ago though and they've improved that highway, now there are roads. To me nothing but the darkness of the trees is familiar.

I didn't spend a full year in school until I was 11. Americans usually find this account of my childhood — woody isolated roadside — less surprising than do Canadians after all it's what the glossy magazine ads for Canada is supposed to be like. They're disappointed when they hear I've never lived in an igloo and my father doesn't say "Oh, haddoo!" like Sergeant Preston on the defunct (American) radio program, but other than that they find me plausible enough. It's the Canadians who raise eyebrows. Or rather the Torontonians. It's as though I'm a part of their own past they find despicable or fake or just can't believe ever happened.

I've never stood at a high school before. At first I'm terrified. I chew Tums while the teacher introduces me, remembering the kinds of things we used to do to visiting dignitaries when I was in high school: ride whippersnappers, smoke elastic bandaid paper clips (if we could get away with it. Surely they've never heard of me and won't be attracted), we had no Canadian poetry in high school and not much of anything the Canadian. In the first four years we studied the Greeks and Romans and the Ancient Egyptians and the Kings of England, and in the fifth we got Canada in a dull blue book that was mostly about wheat. One day a first aid man would turn up and read a poem about a crow, afterward he would sell his own books (so I'm ahead in dot, autographing them in his fee spidery handwriting. That was Canadian poetry I wonder if I look like him, vulnerable, misplaced and redundant. Isn't the real action — the real action — their football game this afternoon?

Question period: Do you have a message? Is your hair really like that, or do you get it done? Where do you get the idea? How long does it take? What does it mean? Does it bother you, reading your poems out loud like that? It would bother me. What is the Canadian identity? Where are I and my poems? To get them published.

They are all questions with answers, some short

some long. What astounds me is that they ask them at all, that they want to talk, at any high school you didn't ask questions. And they wait, wait of them. Inconceivable. It wasn't like that, I think, feeling very old in my day.

In Deep River I stay with my second cousin, a scotchman with the blue wharfed eyes, craggy domed forehead and back row of my maternal Nova Scotia relatives. He takes me through the Atomic Research Plant where he works, we wear white coats and socks to keep from being contaminated and watch a metal claw moving radioactive-looking lethal items — pencils, a tin can, a Kleenex — behind a 14-inch leaded glass window. "Three minutes or there," he says, "will kill you." The fascination of invisible force.

After that we examine beaver damage on his property and he tells stories about my grandfather before there were cars and radios. I like these stories. I collect them from all my relations, they give me a link between relations with the past and with a culture made up of people and their relationships and their successes rather than objects in a landscape. This step I learn a new duty: my grandfather's business mustn't farm. It consisted of a fence built carefully around a swamp, the idea being that it would be easier to gather in the muskrats that way, though my cousin says he trapped muskrats outside the fence than my grandfather ever did inside it. The enterprise failed when a farmer dumped out some of his apple spray upstream and the muskrats were encephalised, but the Depression hit and the bottom fell out of the muskrat market anyway. The fence is still there.

Most of the stories about my grandfather are secrets, stories but I add this one to my collection: when torons are hard to come by, father comes home their phase

"Do you know," I say to my cousin, repeating a piece of her recently glimpsed from my grandmother, "what one of our ancestors was doing in a witch?" That was in New England, whether she sank and was innocent or not and was partly not recorded.

Our last living-room window, across the Ottawa River, acid rain, is my place. More or less.

Pressing this overnight, I make it to the next poetry reading, pulling my suitcase on a subway and making out this as

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# IS THERE RADICALIZATION AFTER 40?

BY JUNE CALLWOOD

"So here I am, Women's Lib. How did I get here?  
And what took me so long?"

The Swiss gourmet Jean Pugin says the learning process is in part, integration and sublimation. A two-year-old says haunts for basket until she reaches a state of readiness to make the change. When that happens her neural connections make a note of it and, somewhere in the gray pyramis, her memory book rings up basket for all time. The child experiences a flash of delight, getting it right is good news.

No one knows how a two-year-old prepares herself to accept new information, to give up the glazy comfort of a habit and push on. It's not likely therefore that I'm ever going to understand how I have moved so far and so fast into what is called Women's Lib. This past year in particular has been answering. I've had the feeling that for my 48 years I've been living on the outer side of Alvin's Looking Glass, believing that Young Earth Women was the ultimate female subversionist, that the male-female relationship for the most part was founded on mutual respect, that the sexual position of women should be as heterosexual as such campus male-male married female.

Now I'm not certain what I believe. I was accused to hear myself yell an obscenity during last February's blue-ribbon Conference on the Law in Ottawa, when a panel moderator thanked a woman who had just given an abusive speech by observing, patronizingly, "When such an attractive woman talks to us, it is well to listen to what she has to say." And I'll never fly Carol or fly Elaine or fly National, ever. And I'll never buy Dixie cookies and the management agrees to pay its women employees the same wages it pays men for the same job. And I'll never sit in a restaurant where the waitresses are cautioned to display their breasts and buttocks — are waiters ever kind on the basis of how well they are hair?

I feel so though I'm in a free fall through territory that looks familiar but

is full of unpleasantness that isn't. This is the first winter of my life that I have been angry at newspaper pictures of women in bikinis in satirical poses on the beaches of Florida or Australia. I have never felt before that they were dehumanizing. For years I've been in the habit of using the copying machine in my publisher's office whenever I finish a book manuscript. Last spring, for the first time, I looked at the room where it stands, row on row of typists in a hollow square, all women, surrounded by scurrying men who belong to the cubicle offices on the perimeter. How is it possible that not one of those men, or any man, is not better suited to be a typist? How is it possible that not one of those women, or any woman, isn't capable of the better-paid tasks in the cubicles?

Formal weddings used to make me ache with the past pining of all that unused show of love and commitment. The last one I attended, however, I kept wondering why the bride had that dumb cotton on her head and why her father was leading her down the aisle to hand her over to the groom — a man in a more modest manner of rights. Why was her mother relegated to a seat in the bleachers? Why didn't the bride speak up when the clergyman asked "Who gives this woman in holy matrimony?" — is she fully reasoning adult or is some *derrière* did? And if premarital chow is so wonderful that she has to be dressed in tuxedo-hyems white, why isn't she groom wearing white too?

Also I'm amazed at how I look lately. It's a relief but not insignificant indication of what has happened to me. In October I had a moment of incredulity when I happened to get an objective glimpse of myself while lecturing engineering students and faculty at McMaster University in Hamilton. I saw myself sitting on the lecture table rather than standing demurely behind it, wearing stretch jeans, a tanktop

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Photo by John McVie

# A CASE FOR KILLING THE OLYMPICS

BY JOHN MCURTREY

It's a \$600 million cake even Drapeau shouldn't expect us to eat

As with all rituals, the Olympic Games have a rhetoric of self-praise. So we hear a great deal about the games embodying in action the human quest for excellence and perfect form. About their bringing together the nations of the earth in peace, harmony and common pursuit. And about their holding up to us all global models of dedication, courage and skill.

These words can certainly grip the heart. The ideals they denote seem so self-evidently true that the body tends to shudder a little at the feeling of them. So much so that one wants to move from the deep chords they stir to the opinion that the Olympic Games we have actually exemplify such ideals — like wars, present facts of life every four years in a globally darkening world.

The problem is so many human realities about the games keep intruding into one's illusion about them. I think, for example, of the hundreds of demonstrators greeted down by police during the Olympic preparations in Mexico City in 1968, with little but by lying reports of the dead and wounded on law and order emanating from the Olympic-organized scene. ("We have been assured," said the International Olympic Committee during the slaughter "that nothing will interfere with the peaceful entry of the Olympic force nor with the competitions that follow.") I've been told, too, by Canadian runner Abby Hoffman that the response of a number of athletes to the Israeli-Palestine tragedy at Munich was, in fact, relief: it meant they had a little more time before their events. "Forget the blood, everybody," the idea seems to be, "the Roman Circus is in town."

Then, of course, it's difficult to miss the stench of injustice visited by the Olympics. Nationalistic gesture permits just about every phobia of the games, flags, anthems, uniforms and nation songs means and parades the athletes like a military exercise. If any athlete breaks national rank — at the black women on the 400 meters have in both 1968 and 1972 by an ensuing soldier pattern during the post-race American victory anthems — he is almost certain to be persecuted in a national parade. (In 1968, the five-running black runners Tommie Smith and John Carlos were immediately kicked off the American team, expelled from the Olympic Village as well as from all further Olympic competition, and given 68 hours by the Mexican state to leave the country.) For their part, the

news media of every country broaden and deepen the whole nation-state machine with a selective attention and solicitude for their country's athletes that would make words of laughter were they not to renaissance of the propaganda that precedes them. As for the official Canadian attitude toward such media character, it's indicated by the remarks of Bill Goo, a vice-president of the Canadian Olympic Association and chairman of its Communications Services. "Short of a world war, there is no bigger focus for our country than the Olympics." Typically this attitude means that of big brother America: the American Broadcasting Company, for example, sent 250 people to cover the 1968 winter games at Grenoble — more than the entire American team — on the grounds that the "only time all nations get in uniform is for war at the Olympics."

Acting as a sort of microcosm of this nationalistic glory consciousness is the struggle for spotlights among the athletes themselves. Here too the glare of the stadium is imposed by Olympic regulations — formal king-of-the-hill positions and ceremonies after every final event. Recognition of top-finishers outstrips only, and medal means. And here too the media — not to mention the fans, both in the stands and back home — dramatically reinforce the formal mechanism of the victory-for-all imperative with words of pity for the great losers, the losers, and weeping, praise for a tiny minority, the winners.

This approach seemed reduced to absurdity in the 1972 Olympics when seven-gold-medalist Mark Spitz, who was really only best at two strokes of swimming, alone received more recognition and applause from the U.S. media than all the thousands of other athletes who had come from every reach of the human race. The message was pointed — being top dog is pretty much all that matters. Or, to use the more specific words of Mark Spitz's father to Mark Spitz, "Swimming isn't everything, winning is."

Probably the most distressing aspect of all this is how the athletes themselves get into it. They seem to conceive of their very identities as depending on where they end up in that top-dog machinery. They appear to really believe that their success as people, let alone as sportsmen, stands or falls with what they do inside the isolated and official Olympic frame.

Even when one takes a deliberately naive stance and con-

continued on page 37



# Canadian grain has a world market. The challenge is to get it there.

In the 1971-72 crop year, which ended July 31, Canada shipped a record of nearly 800,000 bushels of grain overseas, almost half of which was carried by CN.

It wasn't easy. It only happened because everybody—the farmers, the grain elevator agents, the grain companies and co-operatives, the railways and other shipping companies, the port terminals and the Wheat Board—everybody involved worked long, hard and against tremendous odds to make it happen.

And, happily, it happened. But at CN, we know that this is not the time to sit back and relax. New trading relationships and price action by exporting countries are increasing the competition—and the challenge to Canada—in world markets. If Canada is to continue to sell successfully in this competitive environment, our delivery system must be made more efficient.

CN is concerned with the long-term planning and co-ordination of Canada's grain delivery system. And we're not alone in our concern. Everyone in the grain business has been searching for

ways to solve the problem of moving grain from A to B.

One suggested alternative is to replace existing country elevators with a system of inland terminals. Another, to develop a combination of inland terminals and country elevators. Another, to simply reduce the number of elevators.

But it's important to recognize that none of the parts can be considered in isolation. From the farm through terminals, the parts of the system are dependent on each other. Simply improving the operations of one part may lead to problems elsewhere.

Moreover, nobody wants to force changes in the grain system which are not in keeping with Western Canada's way of life.

CN, as a company, would like to see the present system of grain handling improved. At the same time, CN, as a corporate citizen, wants to see the strength of Canadian society maintained. We realize that grain is not simply a Canadian product; it's a Canadian way of life. And that should be everybody's first concern.



We want you to know more about us.



# A FAREWELL TO MRS. ELIZABETH HENRY, OF NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

AN ALBUM BY BUD LEE

Before and after love became big business

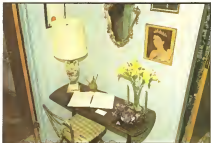
It's hard to know when love first became associated with Niagara Falls. In 1876, when Belgian explorer Jean Louis Hennepin made his way through the waterfalls and behind this vast and prodigious Godeaux or Winter, he was struck by a kind of river not seen. Whether he was in love at the time is not recorded.

The falls have always brought out the kitchiest hero in men. In 1840s Britain, the famous high-wire artist, dared to perform acrobatics on a wire stretched across the gorge while the Prince of Wales watched at wonder. Believe that an American called Sam Patch dove into the gorge from a platform 100 feet high. And so the list goes on. Love did and would go on over the falls in barrels and one can imagine, countless and even before, swimming in replacement the natural superiority of evil men. Or young boys showing off friends their muscles. Or men just bored, like prime collecting, the Queen, and even, Louis's Leap to and dangerously close to the cliffs, edge where waves would protest but still manage to record the Kachet mathematic moment.

All this has to do with both love and footprints. But back in the 1840s, they say, if a couple were to go far a walk through the romantic pathways of Niagara Glen (and further down near the waterfall) they were bound to some home engaged.

That was before Ontario had become a resort carnival. It was just a quiet, undisturbed street that ran casually down to the falls. One didn't need toboggan down its steep side, the low marsh and ancient streets that barely supported a reasonable business.

In the early days a vast forest was a floating thing but around 1840, someone got the bright idea to illuminate the falls at night. This induced the visitors to stay overnight and that's about the time we



ought and that's about the time we first people started to open up our homes to guests. So says Mrs. Elizabeth Henry (age 80) who has been in the guest-house business for more than 25 years. She knows about these things.

At the Grand View Tourist Home on River Road (I like to call it this because in the old days guests would look out the living room window and say "Oh, out where a Grand View") Mrs. Henry keeps a meticulously decorated room in immaculate order for tourists who have by now been calling there for three generations. The guest book, which she keeps on an antique table in the hall beside a picture of the Queen, contains many memories from the past.

She remembers that once just after the war a lady who arrived alone from Paris, France, left her umbrella behind by mistake. Umbrellas were hard to come by in those days and a letter came from Paris to the Niagara Falls Chapter of the Committee attempting to recover it. The umbrella was sent back by air.

Mrs. Henry and her husband, Harold, have made a lifetime of adapting into their home the changes from other times. They learned to recognize couples as honeymooners, couples who are carefully engaged only to be married as a kind of wedding. The give-aways are often a useful change the Henrys say, or a special of can't let it change to be really married. But last perspective of the bride. Or usually they like wearing new clothes, being new couples. And you know that in the evening when you clean up their room, you'll probably sweep up contents from the floor.

These secrets are revealed by Mrs. Henry with genuine warmth and you know that her Niagara Falls still has to do with water rides in a storm at dusk on the Maid of the Mist, feeling the exhilarating spray of the falls from the observation deck at the historic hotel, or watching a shipwreck by the gift shop and store, getting at Davis Park.

The children of my first guests now bring their children to my house," Mrs. Henry says. "I and some of my closest friends in the area guests who came many years ago have stayed at the Maid and the Godeaux. I get Christmas cards from sailors I can barely remember from stationed overseas, and it's as if they're coming down to the States for holidays. It's been hard work but I've loved it too."

About the time Mrs. Henry's at 80, she came home from the

Second World War things were changing. My God, Mom. In a few years the place will look like Las Vegas. And with a certain sadness. Witness Celine Hill today. One night I remember that it was a television-side person and I look what they did to the memory of Marilyn. And what the people feel another 12 inch hot dogs and here the sound of the falls being muffled by the press of people and cars and into you within a year Phyllis Diller, design or Ruby Rhoad. Or maybe the educational value of urban babies pick up in hotels.

Celine Hill's Believe It Or Not you can be photographed with not one but two wewewewes and across from Tinseltown's big job. With Museum on photographed in a barrel or with Richard Nixon or Ray Bennett places and people. So-called of the the comfort that a it. Day yesterday that say MAGNIFICENT DETROIT. Always there is something to buy and as you proceed up Celine Hill's Perry Street and Lumber's Lane all the streets that went down to Kansas the crowd gets nearer and the lights brighter and gradually you take sight of the falls.

Cody Niagara Falls Ontario with all its British oriented track roads, has broken Niagara Falls New York. At its best game this game is usually related to an American know how.

Years ago Niagara Falls, New York was the place to go. It had all the elegant hotels and Victorian cities and the best dance of the night. Clubs in which the dance away the early morning. But politics moved in and so did organized crime and eventually an expedition was placed where the elegant hotels and Victorian cities would be and the pathways where you were bound to fall in love were turned into parking lots. Now Niagara Falls New York is a dingy industrial town and made every fair boys drink Buchanan, play pool, wearing to be directed no place to go.

Now this place has two million tourists each year who come looking for the Sinks to see the wonder of the world. Come to the Canadian side. As one Henry Moore from Oregon said as he drove in the bar at the Harney Moor. City hotel on Celine Hill. "Every thing is better on the Canadian side. Rooms, souvenirs, the view, things to do. It's more American than the American side."

The tourists come in droves or quiet little cars packed as packaged tours. They favor the big hotels and the Canadian drive.



and the Faded one is the more elaborate, sophisticated. As Mrs. Henry will tell you. The people seem to be better nowadays. They seem to be concentrating and some TV sets but I guess you if say it's a good for business. Why, in the old days, we'd be lucky to get a date, a person and sometimes not without breaking in.

Mrs. Henry says I've both differently and usually because if she's passed the it say that the trouble began when someone got the bright idea to surround the falls. You know, if they'd of left the falls more people would have seen this car. I think we would have been better off, even if we don't make as much money.

It is only when the falls are illuminated by these vulgar display colors that I begin to feel almost a sense for everyone's holiday-making. One would probably be the lights to be out of it. I see what the falls really look like at night naturally.

Celine Hill's falls are illuminated do they become part of the Las Vegas atmosphere of Celine Hill. In the daylight when you can see everything like we did look at the falls alone. You realize that all that Niagara Falls, Ont. has become is a spectacle to what the world is at this quite naturalistic scene of nature. In private that some experts say took 25,000 years in the making and 26 years of constant commercial greed to wreck. And these packaged tours and franchised fast-food places have become the well of modernity the contradictions that people like Mrs. Henry have spent a lifetime creating are dying away.

It said that our business is selling away. The old people my friends who had good homes have either died or moved away because the job that be come too hard. The people are disappearing in town. When we give up the place on River Road it will no longer be a guest home. My children just couldn't put up with it. I guess you'd say it's not as much popular and I guess that's just the way it is right now.

The excellent car ride through the Niagara escarpment, the view at the Sidney Creek dairy for fresh raspberry goodness, the quiet picnic near Black's mountain at Queenston Heights, the rooms covered in handmade preserves with an air of old of the Niagara-on-the-Lake. All this will be obliterated in the end by the development of people like Mrs. Henry. You can't help but wonder what in hell is going on. ■

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## What kind of a man sells for Occidental?

One who believes in Occidental's product so much he bought a large term policy from us while he was working for another major insurance company.

That's Jim Tarkenton, general agent in North Vancouver, B.C. He contends that insurance has just one job to do—protect against loss. That's why he likes Occidental.

"If a man has young kids and a mortgage, he's sometimes better off starting with \$100,000 in term insurance than with \$15,000 or \$20,000 in a higher premium savings-type policy. If he dies, the people he loves are completely protected."

In his ten years with Occidental, Jim has sold a lot of term policies—enough to become one of the top agents among the company's 4,300-man sales force.

His toughest sale? "It was also my most rewarding. A client in his mid-50s had invested in a guest ranch. He started spending the money, but I finally wrote him an additional \$80,000 policy to cover the ranch financing. Seven months later, he died. His wife, left with four youngsters, was able to pay off the ranch and keep it—thanks to that very tough sale."

If you'd like to become an Occidental agent, write to Ann Clinebar at the address provided on the opposite page.

**It's a smart move. Occidental Life**

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GALLWOOD, page 30

swister winds, loose straight hair and an outcrop. Four years ago I was around looking better than that. When I was put in a cell, for failing to move along when so requested by a \$306 French import dealer and his female and my team named eye makeup that had taken me five living minutes to apply.

Prison reports it's done by imagination and substitution. I look behind me and there's nothing to see but a freedom loss slide. But there must be some way of comprehending how I got from there to here. Possibly a contributing factor is that I am a second, and maybe a third, generation uneducated woman. My mother's mother scandalized her conservative French-Canadian village as the turn of the century by riding a galloping horse astride, and my mother has always worked. My father recruited her to help in his factory soon after I was born. When I was eight my grandfather, a judge, recommended that I become a lawyer, he didn't tell me, so I didn't know, that law was a mere intention for a woman. Nothing in my early experience told me that being female could require any limitations.

I went to school at 16 when a war-caused shortage of male reporters enabled me to be hired on the news side of a small city daily paper as a reporter-photographer. I rarely covered women's news and was glad of it, the writing style required was beyond trouble, which seemed to suggest that women weren't very bright. I didn't believe it. I never thought of myself as a woman writer anyway. I was a writer with the cunning advantage of being female. I sold five or six or seven my nights, whatever worked best. The only time it wasn't helpful was when I flew in a USAF B-17 and discovered the appers in the air force flying and used me were inappropriately keeled.

After the war, when I was married and we had three children in the next six years, I found I could hardly combine part-time magazine writing with raising babies and learning what to do when the holidays came. When Betty Friedan came along in the early Sixties, thumping the podium about women fulfilling themselves outside their homes, she struck me as a shrew who didn't know much about full time.

Still the charge at me was beginning. I think now I must have started 12 years ago when I was content to find myself pregnant with our fourth child. I had a revelation, all babies should be wanted. I was doing research on psychology and psychiatry at the time for a book. I was writing on the human emotions and in the scientific literature I found confirmation of what had been casually intuition—a baby born where there isn't knowledge, tenderness and time for her is forever heightened. She doesn't even grow to her potential, she doesn't have as good immunity to infection, her intelligence doesn't develop as it could, nor her self-esteem and ability to love. That information put me solidly in the abortion-on-demand camp, and I wrote women in Ottawa were beginning a movement to change the law. I joined a.

Some years after that I began encountering studies that demonstrated babies not only require loving and respect but have needs for an environment that provides variety and stimulation. Clearly mothers should have that sort of information so I began pushing for child-care education in the schools. As part as advertising I presented, at an Ottawa-wide conference called The Troubled Child, that both males and females should be instructed in the needs of children and preferably should be exposed to an actual nursery or day-care center.

That, and studies which established that two- and three- and four-year-olds benefit greatly from being able to play together, made me an enthusiastic advocate of day care as a child's right. I had visited two Women's Lib centers without noticing. They were proposing abortion and day care in order to permit women to plan their lives with the same continuity as men do, without passing for a man-dwelling 15 years of child-rearing. I was brimming with the joys of enlightened motherhood. I must have given them a frightful pain, and they destroyed me. But we were stuck with one another: our goals were the same.

My editor in New York, Lois Dews, began writing "Me" in Ottawa in 1970. The feminist Kate Millett had just written a grumpy Dostoevsky book, *Sister Poetics*, and the office was full of The Movement. Me made period sense then. The moment I first saw it. Eventually society will drop the whole class, often in women and usually redundant appraisals of Mr., Mrs., Miss and Ms., but in the meantime Me answers the problem of a woman's mental scars being written on her forehead while a man's is not.

The Canadian Civil Liberties Association sent me a notice of an executive committee meeting. My name has been on the list of names printed on CCLA stationery for the past eight years but for the first time something about it pinged out at me. "How come?" I demanded when I got to the meeting, "that it reads 'Miss Jane Caldwell' and 'Mrs. Barbara Fraser'?" How come it doesn't read "Dulce Camp [Married]" and "Alan Barney [Single]"?

Borrowing CCLA's general counsel, dragged his head down his face and grinned "You've gone Women's Lib!" I was indignant. "I have not! It's a question of relevancy, that's all!"

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I collaborated with a lawyer, Marva A. Baker, on a small book called *Canadian Women And The Law: Sandra Prescott's View* (in the Windsor Star) and commented on the "discrimination" from cover to cover." That hasn't been the original intention. We planned to provide a simple, readable guide on the rights and responsibilities of women under the law. Baker has an academic mind, meticulous and detailed, and he provided the legal research. When I saw it, my contribution to the book became a howl from the heart. In some cases, as with abortion and the custody of children, the law discriminated against the effect of most of the laws concerning women to protect them. It's done out of gallantry women are free, they can't sue, they need protection. Kindly mean or not, the consequences is that women ride in the back of the bus. Female dependency, which can become female discrimination, is built into the system.

I said I didn't know anyone in the Women's Law movement but I began to wish they would take more about jobs and about their own careers. The rationale, obviously, is that a woman cannot compete for responsible positions without being able to control her own possessions. But the attraction of childbearing for some women is that it ends the only cause of unemployment they'll ever know. The baby becomes the pillarstone of the mother's whole life, which can be soul-breaking for her. Women should have a choice or not, besides childbearing.

About four years ago, I was talking of an interest in federal election. I was becoming political. For eight months I had been visiting Perry Trudeau asking him to consider a Royal Commission on the Needs of Children or, at least, a Prime Minister's Conference on the Needs of Children. He said, "I'll call that a Women's Conference on Children that is mandatory in the United States every 10 years. He almost never replied, even when I attempted to make the letters humorous, which is a neat trick to pull off when you're trying to tell someone that a lot of children are suffering.

I came to the conclusion that the difficulty would be the race of women in parliament. 265 men and one vibrant woman. If there were more women, maybe we wouldn't have conditions like those in Montreal slum areas where a family 18 months ago found half the school children welcomed by maltreatment. Maybe we would, but a secret wish is a try.

The Progressive Conservative, the New Democratic Party and the Liberal Party in that order, asked me to be a federal candidate. I refused the same as the bookkeepers: eight smoke curling up, tax lowered, no smoking in the places. "Hey, Chawlow says we need more women candidates this time. Don't any-

one know a woman?" (Christiane had published in October, 1971, a highly documented, strongly worded blast against the nuclear energy situation.) I finally decided against running for any party, giving as my reason the understanding that I could persuade any caucus to make the laws of balance the top government priority and the country that of self-interest. I would turn myself into a caricature of a well-known politician by trying.

All this was true, but the deeper truth that I wanted to do with my family. Even on any bus days I spent with less confidence than I need. The supportive friendship of my daughters and sons and especially of my husband, enabled me to overcome that and feel risky and inevitable. Because of the family bond, I am free of the fear of disgrace or fall from dignity that immobilizes many people of the female sex. To become a politician, and be separated from them, would be to risk with a miracle. About that time some women in Toronto, accused by the Christiane article, were pondering the death of women in political life. They made some telephone calls, from which emerged a

#### WOMEN ARE IN THE BACK OF THE BUS: FEMALE DEPENDENCY IS BUILT INTO THE SYSTEM

meeting. About 40 of us collected in a church basement, mostly strangers to one another, a cross-section of ages and style. The tone was optimistic and joyful and "rocked" with me. We agreed on a name — Women For Political Action — and some decisions that were born of a contrast of structure. We wouldn't have a constitution, we wouldn't become a national movement, we wouldn't have membership, or an executive, or a permanent chairman (Christiane). I thought, disappointed, it goes ahead unorganized, disorganized? Independent?

We continued to meet, though the chaos produced by the organizational approach was almost swamping. Hundreds of women came and went and those who were departed mainly because of the decision to run two women as independent candidates in the federal election, a historic first move of disenfranchisement. We kept being told, mainly by women, that we were more at best and destructive to the cause at worst to be working outside the system.

Outside the system there is nothing more than with tradition in the evolution of democracy in Canada than for people who feel themselves powerless and that out of decision-making getting together to ensure civil. Before we even had responsible government, a legislative and franchise caused the

Reform Party. In the early Twenties women elected 85 of themselves to the House of Commons within a year of organizing. The process was that way, women victory when they are in power is older to be ensuring, eventually the desirable stability becomes and/or stagnancy and alienation which spends what little energy it has on defense. A new force comes along and for a fairly long period it is responsible and victory again.

I had a vision of women across the country coming spontaneously and tentatively to a sense of common cause and creating a feminine desire to see Ottawa, O.K. well. Maybe the next federal election rolls around, women step out at the last will as they run on the simple ticket of Women of diverse new beliefs.

Rosemary Brown, now an MLA in British Columbia, described an alternative more for women in politics last April during the Strategic for Change Conference in Toronto sponsored by the National Action Committee on the Status of Women in Canada. She recommended that women select a strong riding association, one that mostly girls as candidates elected, and join it in. They should keep a low profile, essentially making sandwiches, until it is time to choose a candidate or elect an executive. Then they surface, pick the meeting and put women in power.

Women For Political Action didn't have the luxury of time, even if we had treated the parties to pay attention to women within their ranks, which we didn't. We concentrated on campaign strategy, on how to elect two women to the House of Commons on a budget of almost nothing. The meetings drew an all-around group of women some young and energetic and some older, some who have been with their knitting some from factories, some mothers in hair. There were moments when we seemed to be appreciating one another in a way of casual that was endearing and intriguing. In consciousness-raising groups, I'm told, women feel similar bonds of shared experience so intensely that they weep. The surprise in the Women's Lib Cracker Jack box is being women better, from which flows being the self same.

I still didn't feel this. I was really a part of Women's Lib. One major divergence was my feeling that women have available responsibility for the raising of their children, whether it means regarding research worthy of a Nobel Prize or getting the cutting class. I changed my mind less than by irrefutable degrees in the weeks after a casual conversation with Christiane Sykes. She's a longtime feminist who sometimes wears a button, LIFTY WOMEN. We met while working together to raise money for some low-

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Incidental to Delta 88 looking after you and itself, it looks after your investment. Because the way Delta put it together, Delta 88 will be in better shape to get you a better deal, when that time comes.

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Now, G-ride still does all this. But it does it better. The reason why is because we've refined the frame design; the spring tuning, the shock absorber calibrations, the bushings, and engine mounts. In plain English it means G-ride makes Delta 88 drive much more smoothly and comfortably, no matter how unruly the road. So, you drive with ease. And with confidence.

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At the heart of Delta 88 is a big, powerful engine. The Rocket 350 V8. And to help make the control of that power as easy as you would want it to be, Delta 88 also includes Turbo Hydro-matic transmission (standard, of course).



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Look up the others in the





# DIENFENBAKER continues

talk about control. Westerners really mean getting away from the stifling influence of the commercial, industrial and transportation interests of Eastern Canada which seem anxious to turn the Prairies into an exploitable hinterland. Westerners admire John Diefenbaker for the reasons they share. Those countless Eastern liberals who, looking down from their penthouses of power, always regarded the Man from Prince Albert as some kind of unfashionable colonial socialist, a political staid singer to be dismissed.

As I talked to farmers, listing unwearying cups of coffee grew cold between us, they speculated about their lives. It is not easy they feel. They have little desire to relive the darkness of the east, nor wish to subside the smoggy apartment towers that stink the sky around the great urban centres. It is

sadder than faith their needs and resentment that motivates this politics. Not so long ago they were at the forefront of Canadian civilization. They were the country from the wilderness and now they have lost it to the noisy steel-pipers and midnight philosophizers from Toronto and Montreal who never had to serve their harsh apprenticeship. The older generation mourns the decline of religious faith and is furious with Trudeau's vulgar vulgar wackiness. They regret the disappearance of simplicity, safety and all the homely virtues. They want to return to a time when people did a little business so they could survive, not socialize in order to do business.

By helping them celebrate their past because he himself is so much a part of it, John Diefenbaker became a kind of thundering reminder of the Prairie's missing alter ego. He moved through the

haze of farmers who turned out to see him, lowering the lights, the sounds and the smells of the land, looking into men's eyes and women's feelings, mending their distances and their deepest understanding their prototypes of each other, their sense of shared loneliness. His brief bluntness didn't bleach the color and meaning out of words, like the headachiness of most politicians on the stump.

Here was a rare communion of instant. He did not live out his legend. The people responding to the spectacle of his presence with a deep folk wisdom that saw him as a folk link with their hopeful origins, a touchstone against the bright present and the frightening future. And that was why the Diefenbaker maps, long a special force in the rest of the country, still meant something here. ■

# FAIRWEATHER from page 27

message that he will vote for Gordon Fairweather and that he likes him. I write a thank-you sentence below his name and he grins skyward and thanks it supernaturally, almost all the while.

My days in Cape Breton are so busy I will not buy CIL summerhouse because it is made in Quebec. Winchester shells are made in Ontario, he says, and when John Diefenbaker was prime minister he made sure the Ontario product was available in his own house. I mean, about how he implicated the same clerk who had the temerity to question such blatant bigotry.

St. Martin's is now a lovely quiet place along the coast of the Bay of Fundy. The men of the village who are married travel 30 miles to St. John's to work, many of them in the large modern shipyard. A century ago ships built in St. Martin's could be found on all the world's oceans. Captain and Mrs. H. J. Walter and Mrs. Walter's sister, Miss Anne DeLong, live in a handsome white painted wooden house beside the small harbor. The house is full of pictures and models of St. Martin's ships. Captain Walter is 80, but he still builds fine steel vessels, and Mrs. DeLong recalls her 40 years of teaching primary grades in the local school. The library in the new school is to be named the Anne DeLong Library. I didn't have to talk politics, they all knew why I was there.

Amalgamated Ragged United Church is having a regular party. The politics of the country has been strangled of people, they have had to move away because the family farms of standard 200-acre size cannot possibly support them. The only lucky upper classer who still replays the chess officers and the mind of the people for a reason. We sit upstairs in the church with our sixteen members 125 and 156, waiting to be called to the front

below. Listing is serious business. Bending women scurry back and forth with glasses loaded with turkey, vegetables, homemade bread, rolls and pies. I remember the story of Prince Philip in Victoria who was told by an excited lady serving him to "keep your fork, Prince, that's what he wants."

The Women's Progressive Conservative Association of Hantsport have invited people to meet their federal Member of Parliament (they are humorously misnamed) that the elec-



A friendly clergyman making his rounds

tion to choose their MP is 10 days hence! The meeting came with one more of O. Canada, government reduced without compensation. I try to talk about some of the issues and what it means to have their votes and their help. Mrs. Gus Schenker, who came to Canada with her husband 45 years ago from Denmark, is in charge of the meeting and announces that the candidate will answer questions. One comes in the form of a statement criticizing the government for being people with goodness paid for with their own money, and that's the end of the public questioning. After a verse of God Save The Queen, sung equally unanimously, I go about the crowded hall listening to a whole series

of comments and questions by people now emboldened by the privacy of face-to-face discussion. The ladies of the association have outdone themselves both in the quantity and the variety of sandwiches and cakes. My wife says that Mrs. Tomlinson is busy crying their way to power.

Mrs. Flora McKee takes charge of me for the census of St. Martin's. She has a list of calls for me to make. I get an oral list of complaints handed against me. Richard Hatfield, presumably because his government has not finished the port of road or renewed that cat-wet. These public works were allegedly promised long ago, when Louis Robitaille was in power. There's not much left of the event built in St. Martin's. Flora drives through the village with me saying, "They are okay," "They are great," "They are good to go," "They are great." "It's no one stopping them." The census, in a place with fixed voting patterns, is really a case of a friendly visit at the same way a citizen makes his rounds. No votes are changed. Useful personal information is gathered who's sick, who's had an anniversary, who needs help.

For some unreasonable reason a lady from Statistics Canada has included a politician's family among her sample for data gathering purposes. We thought it a bit of a lark during the summer because my hours of work day realises. The question became positively ludicrous when asked during the last hectic weeks of the campaign. "What was the number of hours you worked last week?" was one question. I quickly calculated the answer to be about 100. "Did you do anything else?" My reply cannot be asked for my computer yet invented.

Confessionals politics is not the end

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his worst managerial problems that he ended up with one problem: bloody police-guerrilla shoot-outs and Guatemalan gun guerrillas in the streets.

The public works projects planned for Montreal are part of a massive, too, even though Mayor Jean Drapeau — whose city still owes the federal government \$125 million for Expo — started off in 1968 with a cost prediction for the Olympics of \$10 to \$15 million. Drapeau now says at least \$100 million, but his projected 1976 figure turns out to have been one-fifth the amount spent by Munich in 1972. He has since increased his estimate to \$126 million, one figure still, but, as of this writing, has been systematically underbid almost everywhere. The Quebec government, for its part, has estimated that Drapeau's Olympics will cost \$320 million, excluding the cost of the Olympic Village which it places at \$120 million. Since the Quebec government is not contributing \$420 million, does not allow for inflation in building costs, can conservatively figure the final price to be about \$600 million.

Now the Bonarria government has agreed to support the Montreal Olympics — but has never and how much that support will amount to. The federal government, at this writing, has made no significant commitment in the face of an expenditure not indicated by The Financial Post's calculations of the current charges on the Olympic Village alone: \$369 million (to \$440 over 25 years).

As far as the social worth of this enormous outlay of money is concerned, Drapeau's most plausible defense seems to be that the Expo project, the Olympic Village, the Expo itself, will provide 1,000 housing units for Montreal's poor. Yet he must leave that idea here for justification lacks credibility. For he must leave that plan to scratch the Olympic Village throughout the Expo period, to meet the International Olympic Committee's requirements for a single unfed village — Lord Kilgallen, the IOC's new president, has as much to say so. And if Drapeau doesn't start those units, he has no difficulty getting the IOC's help reportedly counting on to build the village in the first place. He's expecting to get the money from the federal government's Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation and CMHC is already in a single unfed village dependent on urban Montreal. So either the CMHC will have to lower its standards of housing the poor or Drapeau is going to be without the funds he counts on for the Olympic Village. In either case, the prospects for Montreal are not promising. In the 12,000 to 15,000 people who are supposed to be getting a decent place to live.

What it even goes wrong in this whole situation is that the problems al-

ready discussing Montreal, poverty and pollution, are receiving brutally inadequate attention. For example, a recent study for the Montreal City Health Department of 3,500 urban schoolchildren found that more than half of them were physically ill, most suffering from upper respiratory and skin diseases. Ten percent of these children required hospital treatment in one school, 21% of the students were undernourished, 41% emotionally disturbed and 51% lived in homes with inadequate sanitation facilities. For further example, the Quebec government's Health and Welfare Commission, in its 1971 report, said that of 42,999 houses in six sections of Montreal, 381 were found to be "unsatisfactory" and 20,642 "substandard." For even further instance, Montreal's air is "past danger level" (according to the commission), the city dumps 300 million gallons of raw sewage into the St. Lawrence every day and scores of Quebec municipalities have polluted drinking water. Yet the amount being spent on these problems — remember now that the Montreal Olympic games are already estimated at \$600 million — is negligible by Quebec province's entire 1971-72

#### THE REAL WINNERS: A FEW ATHLETIC POLITICIANS AND BIG BUSINESS BUILDERS

budget for the environment: \$12.3 million. Or, comparatively, Montreal spent less than one quarter as much as Metro Toronto for sewage treatment and the removal of solid waste during the fiscal year.

As one becomes aware of all these things, it gets more and more difficult to stall in oneself a mix of anger and indignation. But the story isn't finished. One has to ask how this grotesque mismanagement of money could possibly happen, and who could possibly want it to happen. It would be a mistake to think that it springs from some mere social perversion of our culture. After all, the games enterprise was not initiated by Drapeau, but was brought to Montreal by the IOC. And by an interested few, though all Canadians through their federal taxes are going to have to pay a good part of its more than \$600-million tag, nothing indicates that Montreal is in anything like the financial position to raise that load of money (an amount, one rudely reminds, that would cover our notorious Unemployment Insurance deficit for the first six months of '73 more than twice over). Since the games seem so obviously against the interests of the general population, who stand to lose a great deal from them and gain almost nothing, one must pose the question: Who does stand to benefit from the Montreal Olympics of 1976? Who owns

the real interest in having them here? On the surface, there's the simple glory that is captured by the politicians who promote and faggherred a great world event. Karel has — before the hell came in — Drapeau was being tested as a national hero and possible future prime minister for his role in bringing Expo to Montreal.

Then there's the different sort of glory of the few athletes who come out of Quebec to maintain the future pocket-filling they may receive by their performance such as the \$500,000 for Polina contract offered sister Peggy Fleming, the Manham and state aid rewards of Nancy Greene Rame and the lucrative Hollywood offers for Mark Spivey.

Then, of course, there's the five-day free ride for thousands of people who control, coach, officiate and belittle the games. The Canadian Olympic Association, for example, is promising for a minimum of 100,000 dollars in prize money for its \$110-million-a-year plan to train about 300 athletes over the next four years (at a time when 85% of our adult population has been classified as sedentary by a 1971 Department of Health and Welfare survey).

And then, too, there's the wonderful advertising control the games provide for the mass marketing of merchandise in the last Olympics a war and powerful cities — and deodorants — that were made out to look like gold medal winners for consumer television

advertisers.

But only a part of the hundreds of millions of dollars to be spent on the Montreal Olympics will go to these people. The rest will be used for the games are marketed for others, mostly, big business builders. Consider the construction costs: \$50 to \$30 million for the stadium alone, another \$430 million for the Olympic Village, and hundreds of millions more for other things as better transportation routes to and from the games and a lavish media center to house the expected 4,000 newsmen from around the world. As we all know, these building enterprises are financed by the money brought in, for most of all, building entrepreneurs.

Perhaps that is the reason why civic politicians everywhere seem so anxious to get the Olympic Games into their cities. Not only can they expropriate themselves directly with hometown building money but with powerful overtones, too, who stand to make a good deal from stepped-up sales at stepped-up prices. It's enough to cause the big-business members of the city's Chamber of Commerce to ignore the interests of the poor. And, as politicians recognize well, local big businessmen are valuable allies in paying for elections.

Of course, it's not hard to figure out that, given the chance, ambitious build-

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## Let us introduce you to your new wife.

Fifty weeks a year, your wife cooks, cleans, sews, picks up toys, drives children to school, worries about their education, and makes sure you have enough clean shirts. And that kind of schedule can wear a girl out.

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We'll design a unique, one-of-a-kind vacation, planned just for the two of you. With time for you to do what you like to do, time for her to do what she likes to do, and time for you both to get to appreciate each other again.

And we can probably give you money doing it. You want more from a vacation than a vacation and some vacations. Call your travel agent, or Eastern. And we'll give you a new wife.

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#### Let us introduce you to Florida.

Celebrate your new wife with a night at the famous Fontainebleau. Free. Fly with us to Miami and check into the Fontainebleau for 7 nights. Among other things, you can play all the golf you want, play tennis, go swimming — all for free. And if, after the first night, you decide that the Fontainebleau isn't for you, you can check out. And there's no charge.

If you stay on, there's still no charge for the first night. 8 days, 7 nights at the Fontainebleau costs about \$330\* including round-trip airfare. We have the same arrangement with other fine hotels in Ft. Lauderdale, Puerto Rico, St. Thomas, St. Croix and Jamaica. Call us, or your travel agent for details. And if you're headed for Florida, you might like to check out: Walt Disney World. And come back during the school holidays with the children. Let us introduce you to Mexico.

Mexico is wide and wonderful, and a good idea you'll never forget to see it. But we'll show you the best of it in 15 days. Acapulco. Just saying the

name makes you feel warmer. Tacos, where they still work hard, vigorous and precious tastes in ancient Mayan symbols. And Mexico City — well, you simply have to see Mexico City for yourself. You're there to enjoy, and to meet deadlines, so we've arranged matters so that you can spend as many days as you like in each city. 15 days of Mexico for about \$400\* including airfare. Let us introduce you to some islands.

Two islands for the price of one. 7 nights in San Juan, Puerto Rico, with free cocktails at two San Juan nightspots and free admission to El Comandante Roca Trunk. That's the good part. The rest of your new wife will enjoy a bonus trip to St. Thomas. Take a tour of the island and get a bottle of wine for good measure, all at no extra charge. San Juan plus St. Thomas — \$382\* including airfare. Your Travel Agent has our number.

We'll make it easier than ever for your travel agent to agree to exactly what you want, at exactly the price you want to pay. So call him. His advice is not only free, it's priceless. Or call us, Eastern Airlines, at 367-7561.

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The Wings of Man













BY HEATHER ROBERTSON



Jacques Cousteau

## The Furrowed Brow As National Emblem

One of the most pathetic figures of modern times is the dogmatist who finds his congregation slowly slipping away. He has used up all his most relevant arguments. He has grown a monotone and rigid contemporary diction that will offend nobody and right off yet young people do not come to church and the older ones prefer Sunday golf and brunch in bed. Reflecting to accept the fact that people are bored, he decides there is a breakdown in communication. Its degradation he turns to television.

Television has become a haven not only for spectacular evangelists like Rex Humbard ("your television pastor") and General Ted Armstrong ("God is at the controls. I have proved it") but for every social conscience and moral crusade of the 20th century. People have adopted secular causes — ecology, consumerism, participatory democracy — with a fervor that is only fundamentalist at TV. This has become a marketplace of TV. The Park Center. The sub-thumping is done with varying degrees of skill and intelligence. It appears to be having no effect at all.

Critically the very best analogy shows in *The Endless World* (Q), a series of Cousteau which appears sporadically on CTV. Cousteau explains the mystery and danger and bloody scramble of the ocean world; his research is an adventure fraught with terror and death, yet he conveys an extraordinary affection for all the sea creatures. He is the St. Francis of the sea, caressing a dolphin, bottle-feeding a baby whale, tracking all the skilly things with his tail, cradling with tenderness and a love that borders on reverence. His other extraordinary quality captures the miracle of life. Cousteau doesn't hide cruelty — violence is sometimes part of nature with guns and cut-throat politics — or the hideousness of pollution. His films are so sensitive to nature in evidence, they show how inevitably man himself would out of the frame, and how quickly he can return. Cousteau himself has become a legend but a doubtful whether his films have had much impact. At least one note with a finance company commercial that proudly blows the Lake of the Woods to smithereens.

Media crusades suffer from a classic syndrome. Consumer broadcasting, popularized radio for years in a total blitz. As consumer exposure through press continues to rise, the cost of food continues to skyrocket, the quality of merchandise deteriorates and more people than ever before feel they are being fleeced by the "corporate barns." Canadian's first television consumer show, *The Marketplace* (CBC — Thursday, 10 p.m.) is not likely to help. *The Marketplace* is busy asking questions when it should be answering them. Most note

are too naïve and superficial to impart either information or outrage. A man in a rubber mask on a stick holding a fish. He explains that the fisherman gets 10 cents a pound for that fish which sells in the supermarket for 68 cents a pound. That's all. He doesn't say why the price increases or how many people's wages are paid from it or how much money a fisherman makes in a week. He says nothing about the fish companies or who owns them or how much money they make in a year or whether this profit is legitimate.

*The Marketplace* traffics on its constantly revised premises like an over-priced insurance lot and belittles them with righteous indignation, since every Canadian has a complaint of some kind. But of *The Marketplace* can keep them in business for years. It reveals a basic pervasiveness in *The Marketplace's* attitude to business. It keeps emphasizing on the knowledge for misleading advertising, it says nothing about questionable financing procedures, or profit levels. *The Marketplace* is a kind of "consumer" "consumer" it is as wrong as the companies it pretends to attack. *The Marketplace* fails to provide a serious analysis of the con-

sumer system possibly because an investigation of capitalism leads to Marx and Marx leads inevitably to socialism.

The best grievance shows are the radio hotlines. They are a daily *Walking Walk*, a constant crying out against all the evil and injustice of the world, whether it be unemployment or shoes that don't fit size 14 feet. Winnipeg's first hotline show in 1954 was called *Ask The Pastor*, it featured a fundamentalist preacher who gave advice on personal problems to late night callers. The hotlines have never lost this religious context. Listen to any well-known phone-in host, he sounds exactly like a Bible belt evangelist, only the content of his sermons is different. The bible of consumerism and institutionalized greed ends, for every sin that's solved, a thousand more come up like dragons' teeth. The host worships the problems to the ground, making up in rhetoric and wish what he lacks in substance.

The hot-line show has become the second symbol of participatory democracy. It's a fraud. The callers are not taking part in any political activity, they're just shouting off. It might make them feel better but it will make no meaningful change. The political parties tried to cash in on this illusion by using radio hot-lines (with a lot of studied calls) during the last election. By pretending to listen to the people, they merely got off the hook of having to present policies of their own. The tactic worked to the advantage of the opposition parties, who sympathized with the complainants, and backfired on the Liberals who were obviously responsible for all the ills from which the callers were suffering.

Shows like *Tale 20* have become disaster trunks, rocking with furrowed brows and wringing hands from overpopulation to crippled kids to pollution to divorce to a schizophrenic egg dilemma. If there is a social problem anywhere in the world *Tale 20* will be there full of Concern. It's a gash-ridden old show which is sloppily produced and usually depressing, it should be taken off the air to make way for programs which deal more honestly with women, medicine and Canadian society.

Television crusades substitute faith for knowledge, moral fervor for political action. They don't explain why we are deceived and polluted. They spare the question that is on the tip of every viewer's tongue — what can we do about it? It's a cruel hoax to pretend that simply talking about something is going to make it happen. I remember *Tale 20's* heavy interview with Gloria Steinem about the dignity of women which ended with a commercial for a film starring Brigitte Bardot and Claudia Cardinale licking their lips at the camera. So much for Gloria. So much for dignity. ■

THIS MONTH'S SHOWS:  
Watch *The Beachcombers* (CBC — Sunday, 7 p.m.) Watch for Mike Allen. Watch *Remember the Day Cheryl Was Borg* (CBC — Dec 25) *Cote Porter in Paris* (CTV — Jan. 16, 8 p.m.). Beware: *The Dear Martin Show* (CBC — Thursday, 9 p.m.) *Alamy and Dean* (Dean has lost his voice, his looks, and his ability to perform. MASH (CBC — Friday, 8 p.m.) I like it all back, it's rotten.

Heather Robertson is a Winnipeg writer.



## This sign means jobs for Canadians

In 1972 the sign appeared on highways wherever TransCanada constructed new pipeline. Altogether we built 913 miles of new large diameter pipeline and added 22,500 new compressor horsepower to our system at an estimated cost of \$270,000,000. The sign's words do not tell the whole story. In 1972 it could have said that 4,000 Canadians were working on new construction and related activities, and another 10,000 Canadians were helping to manufacture and fabricate the materials we used.





There was a time when Canadian cities were a place of political backroom. Not anymore. Plans for expansion and downtown redevelopment are being challenged and occasionally stopped. Angry citizens groups are lobbying elected chambers. The politics and power of traditional city government are being attacked by a new breed of urban activists. At the core of the turbulence is a powerful new grass-roots force: urban populations. Like the wave of urban discontent of the early 20th century, the urban populations are reacting to the apparent loss of power by ordinary citizens.

There is not just a backlash at a reactionary movement. It has provided a new focus, an infusion of modern city life. There is a loss of democratic participation in our cities, people are cynical about politicians. There have been far too many instances of citizens charged of riotousness by private business, public employees and interest politicians as that last to hold. And without doubt, our cities are too often run by flamboyant but overpaid politicians who don't really care about the consequences of their acts.

Urban populations are facing a reevaluation of goals, methods and outcomes in our cities. The question is what will these new directions be? A few people, primarily those in government and the universities, are pushing over the answers. But so far there has not been much opportunity for the average citizen to find out for himself what is happening in our cities and what the future holds.

Some writers are now provided by a recent wave of books on Canadian cities reflecting the new popular mood. The best of these is *The Future of Canadian Cities* (New Press, \$7.95) by journalist Bryan Richardson. In 1971 he wrote an excellent series of articles on Canadian cities for the *Maclean's* magazine. Since then he has now developed a well-defined, measured view of the way we manage or rather mismanage our cities, and what can be done to make our cities better places to live.

It is an angry book. The author seems ill-temperamented and easily prone to exaggeration of urban ills. But it is a first step in exploration of urban ills that speaks the cost of housing beyond the reach of wage-earning Canadians. He shows urban politicians like Mayor Duggan who can find money for the Olympic and Expo but not for community parks and recreation.

Richardson is also critical of the new federal Ministry of State for Urban Affairs. In his view it is a glorified think tank that urban academic winds and not a real focus for new urban problems. He worries at this way both provincial and federal governments are not serious on urban issues, and with tough laws but with new bureaucracies.

The central theme of Richardson's book is that our cities are run for the profit of a few against the interests of many. We have a political system that gives help to developers, private interests, and interest groups, working class neighborhoods, that profits to spend more on roads for the private car than on building better public transit.

BY LLOYD AXWORTHY



David Lewis Stein

## Saving The Cities: The New Middle-Class Crusade

There are glimmers of hope. Citizens groups in Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal are valiantly fighting to reshape their cities, and some European cities offer examples of good planning of land, housing and recreation. But Richardson concludes we will never develop an effective response to urban problems until there is an egalitarian city, stopped by Canadians and a move toward greater public involvement.

Three other books say the same things, but in more radical, far-reaching terms. John Sewell, the radical Toronto alderman, his well-known short highly personal journalistic how to book for radical business students is continuing to expand to address for Toronto's low-income. In *Up Against City Hall* (James, Lewis & Stansel, \$2.95) he writes vigorously of his battles in Toronto against alderman who are not really for the development corporations and he concludes that the only solution is for neighborhood people to take power back from the politicians and then use it to their own advantage.

David Lewis Stein, Toronto, *For Sale* (New Press, \$3.45) tells us the same battles against the same urban developers in New York. He also believes this is the private profit system that runs our cities and gives several case examples of how Toronto developers have destroyed good neighborhoods in search of quick gain.

A Citizen's Guide To City Politics, by James Lorimer (James, Lewis & Stansel, \$2.95) is a sparkling attack against "the property interest" as an amalgamation of banks, real estate agents, lawyers and architects, contractors, and their friends on city council and in city bureaucracy.

Lorimer attempts to systematically analyze the complex relationship between business and

city government at least in five Canadian cities, but man what efforts he could have been a useful study by his superficial knowledge of some other than Toronto and his total hostile style of writing.

His book displays most openly a flaw in all these volumes — the tendency to view city politics as a conspiracy. There are the bad guys — the developers and their political cronies — and the good guys — the neighborhood groups and their New Left allies. One wonders whether the reality of city politics is perhaps more complex.

For example, in a volume of academic readings, entitled *Emerging Power Politics In Urban Canada* (McClelland & Stewart, \$3.95) the various contributors treat our urban problems in the context of the complex nature of city politics. The dominance of so-called civic liberalism, an independent also on committees, has led to a fragmented political system in cities, one that is neither effective nor efficient. But that is changing. Party politics are beginning to emerge, new reform politicians like Mayor Rodrick Sykes of Calgary are gaining office and limiting the power of the private developer.

Citizen power who has its limitations. Much better, the architect of Habitat, quoted in the Richardson book, who only serves that neighborhood planning works when a community is trying to prevent something, not when it is trying to create something new.

In fact there is a growing feeling in reading these volumes that the simple dichotomy of good and bad, the odds for most urban power and public action are only partial truths and partial answers. The voices of urban critics like Richardson, Lorimer, Stein and Sewell talk about it, not just the structure of the urban system but also its role by middle class suburbanites who are not asking for more government intervention, but less. There are people who still believe in and work by the Protestant ethic. They are beginning to react against too much reform, public action, and invasion of their rights, and their common goal is not. Different efforts to push change too fast, too far, can create a backlash and drive into further divisions into an already fractured urban political scene.

If there is to be reform in the way we govern Canadian cities and there must be, it cannot be based on party ideology or simple notions of community goals. It must be based on a reform movement that seeks change through a range of both public and private solutions, that also aims for the behavior of businesses and citizens alike that is acceptable and understandable to most urban residents, that tries to be democratic, and sharing of power and a better class of city politicians.

Without, not without, must be the passion of the urban reformer — but it is a careful thought and planning work, not radical change, that will lead to more democratic and livable cities. ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEVIN MAZUR FOR THE TORONTO STAR



## The Midnight Brunch.

Some of us would rather spend the morning sleeping than eating. So why not have brunch at midnight? We tried it at the end of a recent happy evening and discovered there's something deliciously tasty about having breakfast before bed.

If you're the kind of person who never gets hungry in the morning, you might like to try a Midnight Brunch. Bloody Marys and all

To make a Bloody Mary, shake with ice 1 1/2 oz. Smirnoff, 3 oz. tomato juice, 1/2 tsp. lemon juice, Worcestershire, salt and pepper.

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